THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE miniature General Election closed last Friday with the return of a Liberal for the Harborough Division of Leicestershire. In this case a Liberal victory of the most significant kind was secured, MR. LOGAN being returned by a majority of 487 over the Conservative candidate. In 1886 the Tory member had a majority of 1,138, so that the Liberal vote shows an improvement since then of not less than 1,412. Some attempts are being made to minimise this crushing defeat by allegations of mismanagement against the Tory managers. They are charged in particular with having insisted upon putting forward a candidate of their own party, when by rights they should have chosen a Liberal Unionist. These after-thoughts on the part of the supporters of the Ministry can hardly affect the general result of the election, especially when we are able to place beside it the scarcely less brilliant victory in the Stowmarket division, and the reduction of the Tory majority in South Dorsetshire to forty votes. The net result of the miniature General Election has been to drive from the minds of the Ministerialists all thoughts of an immediate dissolution, and to restore the confidence of the Liberals in the issue of the next appeal to the country.

MR. W. H. SMITH was re-elected without opposition for the Strand Division on Tuesday, the Liberal party having gracefully waived any opposition to him on this occasion. He was able in consequence to be in his place in the House of Commons on Tuesday night, in order to move the expulsion of CAPTAIN VERNEY. The occasion was a memorable and painful one. None could dispute the righteousness of the decision by which the House thus cut adrift a most unworthy member; but the pain which was natural on such an occasion was intensified by the fact that at no distant date it will be the duty of the House to take similar action with regard to another of its members, MR. DE COBAIN, who persistently remains out of reach of the warrant which has been issued against him on a heinous and disgraceful charge. Never before in the history of Parliament have two of its members presented so pitiable an appearance in the eyes of the country, and men of all parties will unite in the hope that never again will so foul a stain rest upon an assemblage of which Englishmen have long been proud.

THE prevalent epidemic has almost paralysed the House of Commons during the week. The extent to which it has affected members of Parliament has indeed been remarkable, and unfortunately it seems to have selected some of the most distinguished of our legislators as its special victims. The Opposition in particular has suffered seriously during the past week, both MR. GLADSTONE and MR. MORLEY having been laid aside by the complaint. Happily, in neither case does the attack seem to be a serious one, and we may reasonably hope that before many days have elapsed both these gentlemen will be convalescent. SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, who has so far escaped a visitation to which politicians are apparently peculiarly liable, made an important speech at Newton Abbot on Monday to the Devon Liberal Federation. He ridiculed the idea of an early dissolution, believing that the Tories were not such fools as to commit political suicide, and whilst declaring himself in favour of Free Education, subject to popular control of the schools, insisted that the Government proposal had proved a failure. Perhaps the most important part of his speech was his emphatic declaration that, whilst the Liberal party was resolved to grant self-government to Ireland, so far as such self-government was compatible with the safety of the Empire as a whole, it would not support Home Rule demanded, as MR. PARNELL now demanded it, in a spirit of hatred and hostility to this country.

WE should be glad to know that the Indian Government have not issued a proclamation offering a reward for the recovery of the Manipuree fugitives "dead or alive." Such a proclamation would have been disgraceful to those responsible for it, and to the country in whose name it was issued. But, though this atrocious act has, happily, not been committed, it is clear that a proclamation somewhat similar in character has been issued. Clearly we must have an early enquiry into the whole subject. Possibly the depressing effects of the influenza have had something to do with the singular apathy shown by the Opposition in the House of Commons on a subject which closely concerns the national honour. Little as we should like to see the Liberals of to-day imitating the factious and unpatriotic conduct of the Tory Opposition from 1882 to 1885, we cannot but think that an extreme and excessive forbearance is being shown by the Liberal leaders towards those who are responsible for the ugly chapter in which the story of the Manipur incident is recorded.

WE do not care to enter into personal controversy with the editors of journals which profess, at all events, to be conducted in the interests of the Liberal party; but, at the same time, we have not the slightest intention of submitting in silence to the slanders of persons who bring discredit alike upon the newspaper press and upon the political party with which they are allied by the manner in which they habitually deal with certain unsavoury subjects. Last week we mentioned the shameful fact that CAPTAIN VERNEY had been a prominent member of "the self-styled party of purity," and had been conspicuous among those who denounced the very crime which he was practising. This simple statement of fact has led the editor of the *Methodist Times* to charge us with having offered "a foul insult to the chaste section (!) of the Liberal party." There is no need to use many words in characterising this assertion. It is absolutely false, unless, indeed, the person who has made it desires us to believe that there are no chaste men or women in the Liberal party save the small but noisy coterie to which he and the late member for North Bucks have belonged. We cannot but regret that anyone who is so anxious to vaunt his own superior morality should have so slight a regard for the elementary virtue of truthfulness.

NATIONAL Provident Insurance is very slow in emerging from the political nursery where it has been known so long. The reason is simply that few social panaceas are beset with so many and such serious

difficulties. Shall the scheme to be adopted provide for any needs but those of old age? Supposing it to be so limited, must subscriptions be lost in case of death before the limit of three-score years, or whatever it might be, is reached? Should the scheme be compulsory; how would the existing friendly and insurance societies be affected? These were among the questions raised by MR. CHAMBERLAIN in opening a Conference of Parliamentary and other friends of the idea at the House of Commons on Wednesday. MR. CHAMBERLAIN suggests that it would not be well to start with compulsion, but that it might be adopted afterwards. He thinks that only old-age insurance could be undertaken, that pensions could not begin before the age of sixty-five —to which one of every two adults is said to attain —and that subscriptions must be lost in case of death before that age.

THE deputation from the Chambers of Commerce that urged on MR. GOSCHEN last Friday the desirableness of Post Office reform and the decimal system got polite promises and sympathy, but nothing more. No doubt cheaper ocean postage can hardly be afforded as yet, unless, as he suggested, the mails are carried by slow steamers; and while such new (and expensive) routes as the new one *viâ* the Canadian Pacific to Japan are the alternative, the public will hardly acquiesce in that arrangement. Still, if the custom of accepting letters for transmission by private ship were extended and the rates lowered, it would be a great boon to the large class to whom money is still more than time. The advocates of decimal coinage were given some hope—a Select Committee, but nothing more. The unmathematical philologist of the future may perhaps conjecture that decimal coinage was so called from the appearance of infinite series of decimals on apparently very small provocation; and the fundamental difficulties in the alteration of weights, and still more of small payments, are quite sufficient obstacles for most people.

THE truce between the London County Council and the City Corporation with regard to the water question is to the advantage and the credit of both parties. The City Corporation—if the guarded report presented to the County Council on Tuesday is to be relied upon—wisely recognises and accepts the inevitable. When MR. RITCHIE deserted the City Fathers, as he did in February last, and joined himself to SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, it became practically certain that the water supply of the metropolis would ultimately pass under the control of the County Council. But while the City Corporation lives as a responsible municipal authority, however effete and incapable, it will have to be counted with; and a representation of one in eight upon a Statutory Committee of the County Council, to have management of the water supply, will not be extravagant or dangerous.

WHAT is to be done to the thirteen worthy magistrates of the County of Durham who took upon themselves, in defiance of established custom and, as it turns out, of the law, to "sit upon" a political opponent and commit him for perjury on an indictment which the Superior Court has straightway quashed? We invite the Lord Chancellor to answer this question, and we trust that he will not fail to have his attention called to it by some member of the House of Commons. It is true that SIR HEDWORTH WILLIAMSON and his fellow-justices have been condemned to pay the costs of MR. STOREY'S appeal against their illegal decision. But that is not sufficient penalty for an error so gross. Henceforth, no man can feel confidence in their judgment when they are called upon to act in any question into which political feeling can be imported, and it would be well if in recognition of this fact they were forthwith to retire from the bench.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday raised their rate of discount from 4 per cent. to 5 per cent. As all through the week they had been, in fact, charging 5 per cent., the change was not unexpected, and all careful observers are agreed that it is prudent. The Reserve of the Bank of England is altogether too small; while the Russian Government has such control of the money markets of Western Europe that it may at any moment throw them into confusion. For some years past it has been accumulating large amounts in London, Paris, Berlin, and Amsterdam, and in consequence of the disagreement between itself and the MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD and BLEICHRÖDER, on account of the persecution of the Jews, it is feared that it may withdraw very large sums, and so plunge all the money markets in trouble. It is known that MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD for some weeks past have been collecting gold in America and upon the Continent. It is said that they have already about one million and a half, and it is expected that in the course of a week or two they will have double the amount at their disposal. Besides, early in July the Treasury bills, which the Russian Government took in November last when it advanced the Bank of England one million and a half sterling in gold, will fall due, and the Russian Government can take that amount in gold then if it pleases. There is thus a fear that in a couple of months from four to five millions sterling in gold may be withdrawn by the Russian Government. Happily, New York has been able to spare very large amounts. Still it is not certain that the Russian Government may not call in even larger sums, and if it were to do so in the autumn it might cause very serious trouble. By raising the rate of discount to 5 per cent. the Directors of the Bank of England will probably succeed in attracting gold from the Continent, India, China, Australia, and South America, as well as from New York, and what they bring here they will probably be able to retain. In that way it may be hoped that serious inconvenience will be prevented. The silver market has been very weak, and on Wednesday the price fell to 44¼d. per ounce.

ALL through the week the Stock Markets have been greatly disturbed, and there has been a very heavy fall, especially in Portuguese and Spanish bonds. The chief cause of the disturbance, of course, is the crisis in Portugal, which creates a fear that there may be difficulties soon in Spain, and that the Paris market may be thrown into confusion. Besides, alarmist rumours have once more been circulated in London, and the fear that the Russian Government may take a great deal of gold disquiets all operators. Portuguese bonds, which at one time last year were as high as 68, have been as low this week as 37½. Spanish bonds have fallen heavily also, though not quite so much, and for a day or two there was a sharp fall in all securities dealt in upon the Paris Bourse. The great bankers in Paris, however, have combined to support the market, and it is hoped now that a crisis in Paris will be avoided. Home railway stocks and even consols fell also, and American railroad securities have lost within a fortnight the whole rise of the preceding six weeks. If there is a revolution in Portugal, alarm will revive, and there will be another fall. On the other hand, if order is maintained in Portugal, and if there is not a crisis in Spain, the probability appears to be that there will be some recovery for a while; but prices in the international market have been too high for a long time past, and it is certain now that they must decline. There may be no sharp crisis, but there must be a liquidation of the bad business that has been accumulating, and that must bring about a lower level of prices.

THE LIBERAL ADVANCE.

THE result of the miniature General Election has been the rout of the Ministerialists, and the destruction of the hopes they had built upon the foundation of Mr. Parnell's treachery. No amount of special pleading can explain away the fact, that of six seats which a few weeks ago were held by the Tories, two have now passed into the keeping of the Liberals, whilst a third has only been retained by the barest majority. If the friends of Lord Salisbury in the press pretend to think that the return of a Conservative for the City of London, or for a pocket-borough like Whitehaven, is a set-off to the loss of seats at Stowmarket and Harborough, and to the reduction of a majority of one thousand to one of forty in Dorsetshire, they are welcome to do so. No practical politician who knows his business can misunderstand the real significance of the results attained in the case of the three constituencies we have named. For these three places represent the typical constituencies upon whose vote at the next General Election the character of the new Parliament must depend. We know what Tory strongholds like the City and decaying little boroughs like Whitehaven will do at the General Election, just as we know what the great manufacturing constituencies of the West Riding will do. Certain places are apparently foredoomed to return supporters of the reactionary party, just as there are other places which are certain to remain true to the party of progress. But that which as yet we only know in part is the manner in which the new county constituencies will act when next an appeal is made to them. The three elections we have named go far towards informing us on this point.

That "free education," as a bribe offered to the constituencies by people who do not themselves believe in it, has failed, is made evident by the results of the three last elections. Mr. Goschen has sold the precious birthright of his self-respect for something less than a mess of pottage, and Mr. Chamberlain has gained nothing by his haste in swallowing his old opinions. Much as the labouring classes of England desire to gain free education, they intend that it shall be a reality and not a sham when it is given to them; and they do not see any reason for being grateful to those who proclaim their willingness to bestow the boon upon them, not as an act of justice, but as a mere electioneering move. All this makes for good, and it simplifies the situation not a little. That it also implies some further delay before the present Parliament is dissolved must we fear be taken for granted. The advisers of the Government who were hot for an early dissolution a few weeks ago have changed their tune, and once more Lord Salisbury is bidden to trust to the virtues of the Septennial Act. We regret this fact for many reasons, and above all, because every day makes it more plainly apparent that the present House of Commons is moribund. Its strength has departed, and it can now only drag on a useless and contemptible existence.

But if we are to have a further breathing-space before the General Election, it behoves Liberals to make good use of the time thus granted to them. The harvest is ripe for the Liberal reaper in other places besides Stowmarket and Harborough; but he must thrust in his sickle if he is to profit by it. Last week we told the story of how Stowmarket was won. It was a story of hard work, of patient plodding and perseverance in the face of difficulties. Stowmarket was a kind of Inkermann—a "soldiers' battle," which was carried by the steady "pegging-away" process that has so often proved more effectual than the most daring or brilliant strategy. There are scores of other constituencies to-day in the very position in which Stowmarket was when Baron de Stern began the contest. The sympathies of the rural population are with Liberalism. All that is needed is to enlighten and organise those sympathies by steady work in the villages. In those villages it will be the duty of the Liberal candidates to plant the germs of a system of local self-government. The time is at hand when the reign of squire and parson in rural England must come to an end, and when the villager must share with the dweller in the borough the right of ordering the affairs of his own household and his own commune. In what manner this end is to be accomplished, and how far it is to be made consistent with genuine Liberal principles, must depend greatly upon the action of Liberal candidates and organisers themselves. They start with an immense advantage. Now that the labourer has at last satisfied himself that the ballot is no cunningly devised fraud, but a real safeguard, all his inclinations will lead him to give his vote in support of those who are the traditional enemies of privilege. It will be the fault of Liberals themselves if, in spite of this latent bent of his mind, he is turned away from them and led into the enemy's camp. But, to bring about the right result will require not only hard work, but a thorough appreciation of the real wants of the villagers and rural labourers on the part of Liberal agents and workers. What the villagers demand is something more than mere verbal sympathy with them in that hard lot which leads them by a path of unbroken toil and privation from their cradles to the union. They ask that the village charities of the land shall no longer be under the exclusive management of their social superiors; they ask that the administration of justice shall cease to be bound up with the preservation of game and the abuse of the rights of property; above all, they demand their own enfranchisement, and the conferring upon rural as well as urban communities of the right to secure land for public purposes at the public cost. These are but the beginnings of the reform which is at hand in the rural life of England. Some members of the Liberal party may, perhaps, shrink from the open advocacy of these changes—just and beneficial as they must be. But we trust that the party as a whole will show greater wisdom and a more robust faith in the principles it professes than these timid souls. At all events, if we are to have the support of the rural constituencies at the next General Election—and, other things being equal, it is clear that this support is within our grasp—we shall have to fill the mind of Hodge with the conviction that we understand and sympathise with his aspirations, and are determined, so far as consists with justice, to give practical effect to them.

LOST REPUTATIONS IN PARLIAMENT.

AN amusing paragraph in Tuesday's *Standard* conveyed to the world the information that "an impression prevailed" among the members of the House of Commons that the building was infested with influenza microbes, and that, consequently, the Government were to be asked to have it "thoroughly fumigated" during the Whitsuntide holidays. The influenza is in itself too serious a matter to be joked about, and yet, if the microbe which is responsible for the existence of this particular disease were the only evil from which Parliament is now suffering, we could afford to regard the fact with equanimity. Unhappily, this is not the case. On Tuesday night the House of Commons

had to perform the most painful duty that is ever imposed upon it. The body which has so long prided itself on being the first assembly of gentlemen in Europe, had solemnly to expel one of its own members for infamous conduct. A more dangerous microbe than that of the influenza must have crept into the representative Chamber before Captain Verney could have fallen to the depth of shame in which he now lies overwhelmed. Happily, the case of this man is an exceptional one, and we may well hope that Parliament will seldom be called upon to repeat the painful operation it had to perform on Tuesday. And yet, though cases of moral degradation are fortunately rare, it cannot be doubted that the House of Commons has become the home of lost reputations. We have only to glance at some of the most prominent members of the Treasury Bench in order to understand to how large an extent this is the case.

A few months ago, when we wrote of Mr. Goschen as "a politician on the wane," there was a cry of derision from almost the entire press. The high-Tory and the holy-Radical joined in pouring contempt upon the notion that the present Chancellor of the Exchequer had passed the zenith of his reputation. "If ever," wrote one sagacious critic on the Liberal side of the House, "there was a politician 'on the make' instead of on the wane, it is Mr. Goschen." Well, time which tries everything has tried and justified abundantly our verdict on the Chancellor of the Exchequer. With all his ability, which we shall be the last to deny, with his knowledge of finance, his very considerable powers as a rhetorician, his subtlety and dexterity in debate, he has proved the most conspicuous Parliamentary failure of our time. His financial policy is rotten, and his ingenious schemes for turning imaginary surpluses to the advantage of his party have not only miscarried, but have involved the Government of which he is a member in the most serious dangers. The Van and Wheel Tax, the Publicans' Compensation Scheme, and now the Free Education proposal, have been brought forward in turn with a mighty flourish of trumpets, and paraded before the world as the infallible means of giving the Tory party a majority in the next Parliament; and each in succession has proved a Dead Sea apple—bitter to the taste however fair it might be to the eye. Is it surprising in these circumstances that your average Tory, who is always a little afraid of anything in the shape of intellectual superiority, should now be turning round upon the brilliant hostage delivered by the Liberal Unionists into the hands of their distrustful allies, and should be denouncing him as the Jonah of the Ministerial barque? Mr. Goschen, we may rest assured, will not be thrown overboard, however loudly Lord Salisbury's patriots may clamour against him. He will stick to the ship to the last, and go down with it in the hurricane of the next General Election. But none the less is his one of the lost reputations of the present Parliament.

Nor is it difficult to add to the list of Ministers who have failed conspicuously and ignominiously. "Threatened men live long," and that possibly may be the reason why Mr. Matthews still sits on the Treasury Bench. But the fact that the Prime Minister has not yet dispensed with his services cannot alter the conviction of every man in the House of Commons that he is the very worst Home Secretary of modern times. There positively seems to be no limit to his capacity for blundering. In great things, as in small, he has that fatal tendency to take the wrong course which is the infallible mark of "the unlucky man"—the man whom it is the duty of everybody to avoid. From the battle of Trafalgar Square down to the last case in which his aid has been invoked for the redress of justice's injustice, he has never failed to leave upon those around him an impression of fussiness and feebleness which more than justifies our statement as to his place in the category of modern Home Secretaries. It is not surprising that even good Tories have been heard to congratulate themselves upon the fact that a General Election would at all events enable the country to "get rid of Matthews."

Running the Home Secretary very hard in the race of unpopularity is the Attorney-General. It is very difficult to criticise this extraordinary individual properly. When he took office he had a splendid reputation as a lawyer, a man of honour, and a Christian. Where is that reputation now? Far be it from us to impute any conscious hypocrisy to Sir Richard Webster, even although his airs of self-righteousness have been almost as obtrusive as those of Captain Verney. We believe him to be a sincerely good man, whose private life is without a stain. We are quite certain that he would not knowingly do anything to injure the character of the great profession of which he is the titular head. And yet so singular has been the course of misfortune which has pursued him during his tenure of his present office, that again and again men have pointed at him as a reproach and a bye-word. He is the man who vouched for the honour of Pigott to the House of Commons, and who more recently has vouched for the truthfulness of Hurlbert in the Royal Courts of Justice. So unhappy has he been in his relations with his clients that he has been tormented during the present week with questions as to his intention to institute proceedings for perjury in a case in which he has himself acted as advocate. So unfortunate have been his experiences as Head of the Bar and Private Advocate, that it is morally certain that he will be the last Attorney-General who is permitted to complicate his official functions by taking private practice. Whatever respect men may justly feel for him personally, he has been ill-fated enough to destroy popular respect for the office he now holds, at all events whilst it is held under present conditions. Bold indeed would be the man who would venture to declare that the Attorney-General's was not one of the lost reputations of the present House of Commons.

There remains Mr. Raikes, and of Mr. Raikes it is necessary to say absolutely nothing. His failure is gross and palpable; acknowledged even by his warmest friends, deplored by everybody. There is not an official in the Post Office who is not looking forward with eagerness to the downfall of the present Government, because it will bring with it a change in the Postmaster-Generalship. Mr. Raikes, for the moment, may be allowed to complete the list of the lost reputations of the Treasury Bench. And yet how easily that list might be extended!

THE MANIPUR PROCLAMATION.

THE ugly shadow of dishonour which rests on the contrivers of the Manipur trouble will be deepened by the story of the Chief Commissioner's proclamation, setting a price on the heads of the native leaders. It is true that the account published in the *St. James's Gazette* from a native paper has been partially denied by Lord Cross, in the name of the Viceroy. But there is no commoner trick in the official bag than that of concealing the truth about one fact by telling it about another, and that is clearly what the Government have been doing in the Manipur affair. The proclamation which the cynical society organ that published it placarded through

London as "disgraceful," simply stated that a reward had been offered for the capture of the Regent, the Senaputty, and the other Manipuri chiefs. The implication, possibly, was that the heads or the persons of these gentlemen would be equally acceptable to Her Majesty's Government. It is this, and not the fact of the proclamation, to which the Viceroy's denial applies. We have not offered from one to five thousand rupees for the heads of the patriot leaders of Manipur. We have simply asked for their seizure and delivery—"with care"—to the nearest magistrate, and thence to the public hangman. Obviously, then, if zeal stimulated by rupees outruns discretion, and the Senaputty's head is presented to the Viceroy in a charger, we shall not be responsible. It is singular, however, that the day after Lord Cross was declaring in the one House that the Viceroy would never sanction the proclamation, Baron de Worms remarked that the Secretary of State saw no objection to it. No objection to a general licence to the wild men of Manipur to hunt down their late governors, and, barring inevitable accidents of the chase, to bring them alive before the representatives of a foreign Power! We suppose not. The precedent, however, might be a trifle awkward if it were too rigidly applied. It has not yet occurred to our diplomacy that Lord Salisbury's difficulty with African Portugal might be settled by a proclamation ordering the capture of the King, and his consignment to Windsor.

We are prepared to admit, however, that the precedent applied to the unhappy men whose country we have ruined, whose Government we have destroyed, and whose lives we threaten with our proclamations, is in thorough harmony with a certain side of our Oriental diplomacy. In some respects it is a very trifling improvement on Warren Hastings' dealings with the unhappy Nuncomar, a transaction which in less robust times than those of Mr. Cecil Rhodes called down on the offender the thunders of the greatest orators and statesmen of the day. But Commissioner Quinton's treatment of the Senaputty is very nicely paralleled by Consul Johnston's method of managing King Ja Ja, who is now reflecting in St. Vincent on the folly of trusting an Englishman's word. Ja Ja had a dispute with Lord Salisbury, and was invited by Mr. Johnston, in terms of the most profuse friendliness, to settle it at a personal conference. The guileless Ja Ja walked into the trap, which, having been first baited with a safe-conduct, was mercilessly closed upon him. He was informed that he was a prisoner, and that if he attempted to escape he would be shot like a dog. The savage submitted with sullen bitterness to the lesson in Christian and civilised diplomacy, and was haled off to exile, his people left kingless, his country in confusion.

What happened to Ja Ja is very fairly paralleled by Mr. Quinton's treatment of the Senaputty. Mr. Grimwood has told that shameful story—a story which, if we mistake not, will have a worse effect on Indian bazaars than ten thousand "Russian agents." We doubt whether there is a greater diplomatic offence than that of decoying a native prince to a durbar with the intention of arresting him during its progress. The story told in Mr. Quinton's defence that the Senaputty had cognisance of the steps which were being taken against him, is no answer to the frightfully grave charge of using the durbar as a means of entrapping an adversary invited to friendly conference. It is precisely the traditional freedom of our officials from the maze of trickery which is the Eastern idea of diplomacy, that has given us our character of the strong man armed in his integrity. Where is that character now? The dead lips of Mr. Grimwood, an official of the better, and we hope we may say the usual, English type, have testified, in the strongest fashion, to his abhorrence of the part which Mr. Quinton forced upon him. The more striking the contrast between the Quinton episode and our usual method of dealing with States which are in no sense part of the British Empire, but which depend, and have at times depended in vain, on our honour, the more baneful is the new precedent likely to become. The men who built up the Indian Empire were, with the exception of Warren Hastings, examples of the rigid temper, the magnificent straightness, the clear honour, which both in India and in Egypt have put us high above every European competitor for the respect of Orientals. It is precisely this consideration which for very shame's sake should make us pause before we add the crime of blood-guiltiness to that of mean and wanton treachery. The real criminal in Manipur was not the Senaputty and his associates, whom we are now hunting to their doom, but the unhappy man who paid a just penalty for a crime against his country's honour.

THE PORTUGUESE CRISIS.

THE break-down in South America has been quickly followed by a crisis in Portugal, and the causes are pretty similar in both cases. Portugal, like the South American countries, has borrowed far in excess of her means, and has also engaged in reckless public works at home. Her trade has not expanded to any appreciable extent for many years past, her people are without enterprise, her agriculture is not prosperous, and her banks appear to be badly managed. The Government has not pursued a wise policy at home or abroad, and its credit has been severely shaken, first, by the revolution in Brazil—a country with which Portugal is most intimately connected both by ties of kindred and trade—and secondly, by the conflict in which she has engaged with this country in South Africa. The crisis began last week with a run upon the banks. There had been a reckless over-construction of railways in the neighbourhood of Lisbon and other large towns, and there had likewise been too many new houses built. Recently the construction both of houses and railways had greatly fallen off, work-people had been thrown out of employment, and the banks that supported these undertakings had got involved in difficulties. The trade of the country, too, for a considerable time has been much depressed. But perhaps the greatest evil from which the country has been suffering is the unwise financial policy of the Government. For long years past the revenue has never been equal to the expenditure. The country has been spending much more than it could afford to raise, and it has covered the difference by borrowing either openly or covertly. Very often it has borrowed in both ways—that is to say, by raising a floating debt at home, and, at the same time, floating a foreign loan in London, Paris, or Berlin; and sometimes in all three. From the 1st of July, 1884, to the end of June, 1889—a period of five years—there was an annual average deficit of £1,700,000, and last year there was another large deficit. During these five years the revenue averaged about 7¾ millions per annum. The average deficit, it will thus be seen, was about 22 per cent. of the revenue, the significance of which will be understood if we suppose that, with our own revenue of nearly 90 millions a year, we had for five years

running an average deficit of, say, £14,000,000 or over.

With annual deficits amounting to over one-fifth of the total revenue recurring five years in succession, it will be understood, of course, that the debt had to be increased very rapidly. For a long time it has been patent to all careful observers that this could only end in a crash. Warnings without number have been given; but so long as the Government found its credit good, it shut its eyes to the consequences, and so did the great financial houses that had committed themselves to the business. But the public, it is clear, had taken the warning to heart sooner than most people supposed, and the financial houses, therefore, were not able to transfer to the public the burdens they had taken upon themselves. Last year an attempt to float a loan in Paris failed; later in the year the Finance Minister opened negotiations in London, but was not able to induce any London house to bring out a loan for him; and this year a loan could be obtained in Paris only by selling one of the most valuable sources of revenue — the tobacco monopoly. The public subscriptions to the issue, however, were very disappointing in France, and in Germany they were almost altogether absent. In the meantime, the Government had borrowed too largely from the Bank of Portugal, and thus disabled it from giving the assistance to trade which was required; and the other banks appear to have been injured very materially by the break-down in the building trade and in the construction of railways. The result was last week a run upon the banks, caused partly by the discredit into which the banks themselves had fallen, and partly by the knowledge that the failure of the tobacco monopoly issue in Paris and Berlin would involve the Government in the most serious difficulties. Immediately, it is true, the Government will not be embarrassed, for the syndicate which had brought out the issue had bought the tobacco monopoly outright from the Government, and is bound, therefore, to carry out its part of the contract. But, all the same, it is clear that the power of the Government to borrow abroad is ended for the time being. Towards the end of last week the streets of Lisbon were crowded with people eager to withdraw deposits from the banks, and one of them, the Lusitano, was compelled to stop payment, having first applied to the Government for a delay of six months for liquidating its liabilities. The Government, however, replied that it could not make such an order without applying it to all the banks, and the Lusitano Bank, in consequence, was obliged to close its doors. In the hope of preventing a general break-down of the banking system, the Government authorised the Bank of Portugal, at the end of last week, to pay its notes in silver. Some of our contemporaries argue that the measure was a mistake, and tended to aggravate the very evil it was intended to cure. We cannot ourselves share in that view of the matter. Portugal is clearly too poor a country to maintain a gold standard, and one of the very difficulties it is now encountering is caused by the attempt to keep up that standard. However, the run continued, and the Government was then obliged to issue an order authorising the banks to suspend paying deposits for sixty days.

The final result, of course, must be a compromise of some kind with the creditors of the Government. After a while, if there are not political disturbances, the banking crisis will come to an end and the banks will recover credit. But the Government, it is evident, cannot pay what it has engaged to pay. Its debts of all kinds amount to not far short of 150 millions sterling, entailing an annual interest charge of nearly 4½ millions sterling. But as the average revenue of the country for some years past has not been quite 8 millions sterling per annum, it is quite clear that Portugal cannot pay 4½ millions a year, or more than half of the whole revenue. Some kind of compromise is therefore as clearly inevitable in the case of Portugal as in the case of Argentina. The danger is that the general discredit of the banks and the difficulties of the Government may provoke a political revolution. The Government has lost repute through its financial muddling, its political mistakes at home, and its rebuffs in South Africa; and moreover, the Republican party has been greatly inspirited by the Revolution in Brazil. Naturally the crash in Portugal has made the position of Spain more difficult than ever. The Spanish finances are in an exceedingly bad way; and the connection between the two countries is so close that a crash in one is likely to be followed before very long by a crisis in the other. But the break-down of Portuguese credit, with the fear that it will be before long followed by difficulties in Spain, has already caused a sharp fall upon the Paris Bourse, and threatens to plunge some of the great banking institutions in Paris in serious embarrassments. The danger is all the greater because the postponement of the Russian conversion, and the rumoured quarrel between the Russian Government and the Messrs. Rothschild, had already alarmed investors, speculators, and financiers, and, therefore, very greatly weakened the Bourse.

DEMOCRACY IN TRADE.

TO-DAY the ancient city of Lincoln sees its streets thronged by unaccustomed crowds, and strange accents mingle with the speech of the Wolds. For the next few days the city in the steep oolitic gorge will be full of shrewd and homely men from every county in the kingdom; men sharp and practical, blunt of speech, but kindly withal, their faces, more frequently than is usual, lit up with that subtle glow which tells of lives not wholly spent for selfish ends. One may even fancy, indeed, a vague likeness among them; a composite photograph would show a "Co-operative face"; for it is the gathering of the delegates of the Co-operative movement.

No "May Meeting" compares in interest for the politician or social reformer with this annual congress, at which the great army of Co-operators review the progress of their movement. The "State within a State" which the spiritual descendants of the twenty-eight "pioneers" of Rochdale have won from the competitive world now sees annually a steady expansion of its boundaries. This year the statistics of the Co-operative Union testify to a renewed increase of successful stores, a more than adequate accumulation of capital, and a great growth in the volume of business. The 1,438 Co-operative Societies now include a million members, representing a population of three or four times that number. Their sales come to one-sixth of the aggregate working-class expenditure outside of house-rent and alcohol. The members' accumulated capital now exceeds thirteen millions sterling, a sum doubtless below the wealth of a Hirsch or a Rockefeller, but representing 7 or 8 per cent. of the entire belongings of our thirty million wage-earners. The two vast "Wholesale" Societies have their own Co-operative factories of boots, woollens, biscuits, and other articles of main consumption; they have just opened on Tyneside their own gigantic flour mill; they have their own ships on the sea, their own buyers in foreign centres, their own bank, and

their own newspaper. The whole of this colossal development of non-competitive industrialism is administered by a hierarchy of elected committees almost exclusively composed of working men, and it is managed by a salaried "civil service" of industry, whose "Co-operative Faith" stands to them in lieu of the fortunes they could make in business for themselves. The entire organisation is, indeed, one triumphant demonstration of the practicability of the impossible—industry without private profit, and under democratic control.

What is the real import and significance of this marvellous development? If we were to believe the enthusiastic literary spokesmen of the movement, the survivors and spiritual descendants of the Owenites and Christian Socialists from whom it sprang, we have here the solution of all our industrial problems. To venerable leaders like Judge Hughes and Vansittart Neale, undismayed by a whole lifetime of disillusionment, the Co-operative movement still promises a genuine identification of the interests of producer and consumer, worker and capitalist, master and man. Other observers can see in the 1,400 Co-operative Societies nothing more than a series of cheap shops on a new plan, where advantageous purchases of tea and sugar are ingeniously combined with an automatic savings bank, lectures, and a library. They point to the repeated failures of Co-operative associations of workmen in manufacturing industries, and to the fact that the employés of the distributive Co-operators are mere wage-servants, no better off than their brethren in big private shops, or (to take a more analogous case) than the clerks in the Post Office.

More careful examination of the actual working of the Co-operative organisations shows that neither of these views gives an adequate account of the Co-operative movement. The economist sees that in none of Judge Hughes' panegyrics does he show how the interests of the producer and consumer become identical; how the maker of boots shall cease to desire short hours and high wages, and the wearer of boots shall want them at other than the lowest possible price. Nor is there any indication that the owners of land will really be in the same boat as the hirers of that land, or that the Co-operators of Bootle or Bury will see eye to eye with Lord Derby in the matter of the unearned increment. The comparatively small number of owners of the bulk of the thirteen millions of Co-operative capital can never have identical interests with the crowd of merely one-share members, who virtually pay the annual 5 per cent. upon it. No possible extension of the Co-operative movement can remove the fundamental divergence of pecuniary interest between those who own the main instruments of wealth production and those who use them, or between him who makes and him who consumes any particular commodity.

The sceptic who sees in Co-operation nothing but a federation of successful grocers' shops equally fails to catch the main features of the movement. No mere improvement in the purchase of groceries would have been capable of inspiring all that glow of Co-operative enthusiasm, all that subtle sense of solidarity which unconsciously goes to build up the social "bandwork" of the successful Store. Compare, for instance, the managers and committeemen of the north country stores with the grocers and butchers with whom they compete. These two classes are engaged in the same narrowing occupation of petty huckstering—whence comes the immense moral and intellectual superiority of the Co-operative over the private shopkeeper?

The real significance of the Co-operative movement is, it may be suggested, the extension of democratic self-government to the world of industry. These humble working men, who have been rather hindered than helped by the unscientific Utopias of their prophets, have stumbled, all unconsciously, on a practical truth. They have shown the possibility of extending to the more sordid and practical side of life that sense of public service, that spirit of public duty, that power of combined action, which has made the Anglo-Saxon successful in the municipality and the democratic State. But they have done more than this. Whilst the economists and philanthropists have been vainly striving to set back the clock, and restore the little self-governing workshop of the last century, the Co-operators have instinctively turned to the right industrial path. Their industrial self-government is the self-government of the democratic citizen, not that of the isolated settler in the backwoods. The open democracy of the Store, an organisation of citizens as consumers, exhibits no futile hankerings after the hand industry or other fancies of industrial individualism. Indeed, the oft-quoted contrast between Co-operative success in distribution and Co-operative failure in production is really a contrast between the flourishing democratic stores with their extremely successful manufacturing departments, and the almost uniform failure of the little associations of craftsmen striving to escape instead of to control the Juggernaut Car of the Industrial Revolution. The limits of the Co-operative movement are set, indeed, not by the illogical distinction between productive and distributive industry, but by the limits of democratic administration itself. Where those limits are no man would to-day venture to say. Where the store stops the municipality takes up the work, and before both these associations of consumers lies an almost illimitable field in which to substitute organised public service for the pursuit of private gain. This substitution is the real inwardness of the Co-operative movement, and even if we doubt its universal practicability, we can but admire its aim and wonder at its partial success.

LONDON UNIVERSITY: THE REJECTION OF THE NEW CHARTER.

ABOUT the rejection by Convocation of the scheme for remodelling the University of London, we have little to say in the way of regret or surprise. It was a foregone conclusion. Nobody, except the authors of the scheme, ever believed in the coalition of incongruous elements and formation of unnatural alliances which was the essence of the compromise drafted by the Senate. Nobody was confident as to the effects. Different mints were to be set up; who could be sure that the coin issued would be of the same value? We are interested, not in Lord Justice Fry's scheme, now matter of ancient history, but in the future of higher education in London and the provinces. The controversy out of which that scheme was born makes it henceforth foolish to say "Let well alone." The University of London may continue its present admirable work as an examining body applying a severe standard. The discussion started in 1884 cannot end with the vote of last Tuesday—great changes must be imminent—if only owing to the growth of a strong desire in many places to create or develop local institutions possessing one day power to confer degrees. Ever since the incorporation of the Victoria University this ambition has become the ideal always present to several towns. The alumni of Queen's College and Mason College, Birmingham, or of the Yorkshire

College, at Leeds, will not be content until they have attained the status actually acquired by Owens College. We do not look forward with unmixed satisfaction to a time when we shall see every high-school designating itself a university, and England covered with as many so-called universities as, say, the State of Ohio, which alone boasts thirty-five. For the present, however, we have too few; and the candid friends of the older seats of learning will own that for the study of some branches of applied science cities such as Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham have clear advantages. Applied chemistry, mechanics, and medicine can be taught there with freshness and vividness barely possible in Oxford or Cambridge. We cannot if we would, and we would not if we could, repress the desire of vigorous communities to become, if not seats of universities in the old sense, centres for the diffusion of knowledge. A second point has become clear in the long controversy. In some form and under some name a real university, teaching as well as examining, should be established in and for London. Already it furnishes the best clinical instruction; what field of observation so wide as the London hospitals? It gives the worst legal instruction in the world; but it might give the best. Excellent work is done by University College and King's College—at the latter, as Dr. Wace mentioned the other day, 3,498 persons get instruction in one way or another in the course of a year; but anyone acquainted with the remuneration of the professors and the attendance at some of the classes will admit that the results might be much better if concentration were carried out. From those knife-and-fork institutions, the Inns of Court, except under compulsion, we expect no co-operation; they will not surrender one jot of their privileges or one farthing of their revenues while they are mainly ruled by irresponsible cliques of professional failures. But the Royal Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians are very much alive to the necessity of enabling the medical student to get in London the degree which he now seeks in Glasgow and Aberdeen. Many of the elements of a great University are already here; some of the conditions are implied in London's central and unique position. Oxford is no longer "steeped in prejudice and port," as Gibbon described it. But Oxford cannot be—no city but London can be—the centre of illumination, the rendezvous of the most illustrious men in many departments of science. In a truly marvellous way Berlin has drawn to itself the pick of the professors and scholars of smaller German universities. Men of surpassing eminence see in Berlin their natural goal. It is not inconceivable that, in no distant age, a teaching university formed on the lines which we have indicated would attract to chairs in a true London university the very best men in every department of knowledge. "If a practical end may be assigned to a university course, I say it is that of training good members of society. Its art is the art of social life, and its aim is fitness for the world. . . . A university training is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspirations, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, and facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life." Such was Newman's idea of a university—a statement not entirely correct, an ideal unattainable anywhere; but certainly as likely to be nearly realised in London as in Oxford or Cambridge.

A third point to be specially noted is the claim of the medical student in London. He really seems to have a grievance. He has plenty of facilities for instruction in nearly a dozen rival medical schools. Here he can see more in a month than elsewhere in a year. But he must, as a matter of business, obtain a degree somewhere; and so he must pass the stringent examinations of London University or go to the Scotch Universities. It is no real objection that the present tests deter the dull or idle; but it is no trivial complaint that a youth well equipped for the study of medicine should be obliged to spend so much time over moral philosophy or ethics. We are not at all depreciating the value of a sound scientific training as the basis of technical proficiency when we ask what would be thought of a system under which a clever artist could not become A.R.A. until he had proved his acquaintance with moral philosophy. "What is wanted," says Dr. Garrett-Anderson, "is a pass M.D. degree which can be had in London by persons of moderate or average ability. . . . Provide a scheme for a pass M.D. London degree which shall not be liable to be confounded with the degree gained in the past or in future under the existing and more severe regulations." To concede so much need not mean the levelling down of education; in face of the complaints of the medical profession it is but justice and common prudence.

Now that Lord Justice Fry's scheme is cast aside, two or three plans, and, among others, that of which Dr. Wace is the champion, hold the field. Let us be in no hurry to select one, to the exclusion of all others. Time is on the side of those who look forward to the formation of a true teaching university for London—of those who do not despair of fusing into a whole institutions now discordant and even unfriendly. None of the projects submitted to the Royal Commission satisfy some of the essential conditions of a proper settlement; and the vote of Tuesday last is a warning not to attempt to "rush" immature, half-considered schemes.

THE NEW PLAGUE.

IT is possible that a sudden movement of the weather-glass has saved us from a grave public calamity. At one time it seemed not incredible that the national business would be paralysed by the curious visitation which passes by the name of influenza. Once a mere cold in the head, with no more serious symptoms than a distempered nose, and that filling of the eyes which George Meredith compares under sentimental conditions to a river full of moonlight, the influenza has now attained the dignity of a scourge. It has visited the House of Commons with a much more effectual purgation than that which is associated with the personality of Colonel Pride. It has attacked both sides with a fine superiority to party politics. Mr. John Morley has been snatched from the witchery of Mr. Seymour Keay's eloquence, and Lord George Hamilton has been saved from any pang of envy which might have torn his bosom at the sight of the Warden of the Cinque Ports returning to the House with laurels which somehow have never adorned the brow of the First Lord of the Admiralty. Even Mr. Gladstone, who seemed proof against the thousand natural shocks which assail men of half his age, has not escaped; and his illness has almost stilled the clamour of political controversy, and united all parties in sympathetic interest. The Government Whips and the officials of the House have been prostrated too, and the beloved formalities

of our ancient assembly have been within an ace of temporary effacement. The mind recoils from the thought of what might happen if the Serjeant-at-Arms were unable to carry the Mace, and if the Speaker were left without a clerk at the table. It was on the cards, indeed, that the House of Commons would have to be adjourned indefinitely, and the cynic of small talk, to whom the Legislature is the subject of infantine epigrams, swelled with satisfaction at the prospect. What would Ministers have done in such an emergency? Would Mr. Balfour have engaged Mr. Parnell to swing a fumigating censer in front of him, while he woefully explained unintelligible sub-sections to an empty House? Or would the Cabinet have resolved themselves into a Committee of Public Safety, with power to issue mandates from their beds and pass Bills as if they were prescriptions? Luckily this constitutional crisis has been averted, and there is some reason to hope that when the House has been cleansed with sulphur, our legislators may reassemble after Whitsuntide without any fear of finding the influenza microbe enthroned in the Speaker's chair.

But the deadly potency of this disease in some parts of the country almost recalls the popular dread of the plague. In Lancashire and Yorkshire the mortality is so alarming that we read of supplications in places of worship. Probably a good deal of the illness is due to panic, aggravated, it may be, by the apparent helplessness of science. This year has already witnessed one serious disappointment of hopes founded upon medical discovery. Of Dr. Koch's remedy for consumption little is now heard, and there is only too much reason to fear that, except for the purposes of diagnosis, its efficacy has been overrated. In a superstitious age it might well be imagined that the prince of the powers of the air was lord of the bacilli, and that human science was baffled by diabolic cunning. Such a belief would scarcely warrant the employment of sulphur as a fumigating agent, for it might be doubted whether the principle of homœopathy could be judiciously applied to an infernal microbe. But after two visitations of the influenza it is not unreasonable to ask our doctors whether no radical means of prevention is within their present knowledge. It would be some comfort to the public mind to see an International Medical Congress convened for the express purpose of discussing safeguards against an enemy which has twice invaded us with deplorable success. There seems to be no guarantee against an inroad of influenza every year, perhaps with increasing violence. So far we are left without any authoritative explanation of the causes of the epidemic; and the public alarm is naturally intensified by the reticence of the doctors. It would be some relief to learn that the Government proposed to appoint a medical Commission to inquire into the mischief. There are Commissions which are far less practical, and in which the community at large takes very little interest. Mr. Smith and his colleagues might even achieve some much-needed popularity by instituting a scientific inquiry into what is scarcely less than a national affliction. The drooping spirits of the Unionists might be revived by the hope of ministering to a really popular want. Who knows that at the General Election Lord Salisbury might not be able to appeal to a grateful electorate as the statesman who put down the influenza? The Land Purchase Bill excites no enthusiasm, and Free Education has failed as an electioneering cry. At this moment Ministers are manifestly without any idea what to do next, and it is purely out of impartial charity that we make them a present of a policy. If this suggestion be not adopted, it may at least be hoped that the medical experts of Europe will not submit tamely to the insolent supremacy of the microbe. Diplomatists sit occasionally round a green table, and pretend to settle the courses of human destiny. They miserably fail, for in some forgotten quarter of this hemisphere an obscure people is sure to start up and derange all the elaborate calculations of statecraft. If the representative healers of disease were to get a green table of their own, and draw up medical protocols, they could not, at the worst, fail more signally than the political physicians of civilisation, and they would do much to sustain that popular faith in doctors which is as good as a prescription. But if the influenza is allowed to descend upon us again next year in unchastened fury, the prestige of the medical profession will be seriously impaired, and every patient will regard his doctor with cynical misgiving instead of touching confidence.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE past week has on the whole been one of anxiety and expectation; but happily the apprehensions of disturbance have not been realised. The Belgian strike threatens to become general; in Portugal the serious financial crisis, commented upon in another column, seems after all likely to pass off quietly, though no doubt it may be a serious matter, indirectly, for the stability of the present *régime*; the United States are threatened with Alabama claims from the Presidential party in Chili, and news is hourly expected of a fight between an American and a Chilian cruiser; in Italy a Ministerial crisis is in sight, and the anti-Semitic mania rages in Corfu and Zante. On the other hand, the German Emperor has returned from the Rhine to Potsdam without making any more startling speeches, except, indeed, one in praise of duelling; the split in the Republican party in France, caused by the rejection of the amnesty proposals, seems after all not to be final; the efforts of the Boulangists to make capital out of the slaughter at Fourmies have not been successful; despite the threats of the Russian press, nothing serious has happened in the financial world in consequence of Messrs. Rothschild's action in regard to the new Russian loans; a reported revolution in Costa Rica has turned out a very trifling matter; and the attempted assassination of the Czarewitch in Japan by a native policeman, reported in London on Tuesday, and partly checked by the interposition of Prince George of Greece, seems to have had no political significance whatever, and to have resulted in very slight injuries. One account, however, attributes the fanaticism which caused it to the success of the Russian missionaries in Japan.

On Friday three proposals for an amnesty for all the offenders of May 1st, the most important of which was M. Camille Pelletan's, were before the French Chamber, which rejected them in principle by 296 to 192. About 100 members of the Right voted in the majority, about 20 in the minority, which also comprised 32 Boulangists and 138 Radical Republicans. Amnesties, as M. Fallières, the Minister of Justice, pointed out, had hitherto only followed civil war; and the Government, while anxious to punish the instigators of disturbance, had already released most of their victims—in particular those concerned in the affair at Fourmies. M. Isaac, the suspended sub-prefect to whose mismanagement the disaster is ascribed, has been doing his best to fight a duel with M. Rochefort, but has hitherto been prevented by the Dutch and Belgian police. General Boulanger is said to have been the subject of discussion during one whole sitting of the French Cabinet; and the Belgian Government has cautioned him as to his behaviour. Mr. Cunninghame Graham was expelled

from France—which apparently he was just about to quit—after taking part in a peaceable demonstration at Calais on Tuesday. He was, however, merely conducted from the hotel to the night boat.

The debate on the proposals of the French tariff Commission is said to have reached a high level of excellence. After a moderate and effective speech in their support from M. Deschanel, M. Léon Say on Saturday attacked the Protectionist position, poured contempt on the familiar theory, reproduced by M. Méline, that the increasing importation of Indian wheat is due to the fall in silver, and revived against M. Méline himself Cobden's famous attack on Peel. On Monday he dealt in detail with the burden on the consumer likely to be caused by the new tariff, and treated the Chamber, as he said, to "a cold bath of figures," which seems to have been too much for the reporters. M. Méline in his reply—which also called forth loud applause—dwelt on Indian wheat, on the stimulus to production, and the consequent fall of price which a Protective system is believed by its supporters to produce, and ascribed all recent rise in retail prices to the middlemen—the worst of whom, he said, are the importers. Nothing new remains to be said on either side, and there is, of course, no doubt of the success of the proposals of the Commission—with what results to French industry and to the discontent of the working classes remains to be seen. The Government scheme for regulating horse-racing was carried on Wednesday by 312 to 160. The *pari mutuel* is to be tolerated, and the proceeds taxed for charitable purposes. But all other public betting is to be forbidden.

The Belgian strike is proceeding peaceably on the whole, and it was stated by the Belgian Premier on Tuesday that 69,600 men were out. There has, however, been some return to work since then, especially around Liège. The leaders of the Parti Ouvrier and a section of the Liberals have accepted the inevitable, and done their best to give the strike which they had desired to avert that distinctly political character which was to have belonged to the general strike recently postponed till after the failure of Revision. The workmen of Brussels have resolved to come out this week unless Revision is definitely promised, and attempts have been made to secure those of other towns—especially Antwerp and Ghent. A great demonstration to be held in Brussels on Wednesday was prohibited by the Burgomaster. A section of the Liberal party has petitioned the King and the Chamber to secure the immediate adoption in principle of Revision. The strike is, in fact, simply and solely political; and though two classes of reserves have been called out, and occasional outrages are reported, the leaders are doing their best to preserve peace, and the movement undoubtedly has popular sympathy. A section of the Liberal party is hostile to immediate Revision, fearing that the first effect of universal suffrage would be to increase the Government majority. Absurd reports have been current in Paris that, in case of disturbance, order was to be restored by Prussian troops.

The German Reichstag adjourned on Saturday till November 10 next. In the recess negotiations will be carried on preliminary to commercial treaties with Switzerland, Belgium, Roumania, and probably Italy. Those with Switzerland are already begun. The Labour Law passed its final stage on Friday by a large majority, the minority being chiefly composed of Social Democrats. An appropriation of 1,125,000 marks for the Cameroons was also one of the last acts of the Session.

Queen Natalie's expulsion from Servia is expected at the end of this week, unless some arrangement is arrived at in the meanwhile. King Milan has been extricated from his pecuniary difficulties by the Emperor of Austria, and has gone on to Paris. The new Roumanian Chambers were opened on Monday. M. Bratiano, the ex-Premier, is dying.

Italy has been on the verge of a Ministerial crisis, due to the systematic absence of members of the Chamber. Certain irregularities having occurred in connection with the election of Signor Papadopoli, at Venice, the Public Prosecutor of the district began proceedings for bribery, and the Government, it is alleged, to avoid inconvenient disclosures, transferred him and a colleague to other posts. A motion of censure introduced by Signor Cavallotti could not be dealt with for several days for want of a quorum. It was finally rejected on Tuesday. Incidentally, a portion of Signor Crispi's old supporters, under Signor Zanardelli—who, it is said, have broken with their old leader—have joined the Extreme Left, forming together an Opposition of about one hundred and fifty members; and there is some expectation that the Cabinet will look more and more for support to the Right alone. Further action on the difficulty with the United States is delayed pending a detailed report from the Italian Consul at New Orleans.

A political crisis seems at hand in Sweden. The two Chambers are in disagreement on the question of extending the franchise: a proposal to secure the neutrality of the country by placing a large sum at the disposal of the King has been rejected; and one of the Ministers has been foolish enough to say that "with compulsory military service the Swedes might go and talk Swedish at Christiania," which has not tended to relax the strain on the relations with Norway.

The hostility to the Jews in Corfu and Zante continues, and in the former island has become more serious. Five thousand Jews are said to be in great distress in the town, and food has been sent them from Dalmatia by the exertions of their wealthier co-religionists. Two Jews are said to have been killed at Corfu, and three Greeks at Zante. England and one other Power—probably Austria—have made representations on the subject to the Greek Government, and English, Austrian, and Italian warships have been despatched to Corfu to protect their respective nationalities. In both islands the Jews are protected from the population by soldiery.

A Chilian steamer, the *Itata*, escaped from San Diego (California) on Wednesday week, after seizure by the United States authorities. The *Itata* has mounted guns and proceeded south, in company with a powerful Chilian insurgent cruiser, the *Esmeralda*. Four ships of the United States navy are in pursuit, and there is every prospect of an engagement. It is not quite clear, however, that the United States ship is entitled by international law to capture the fugitives. The arbitration proceedings seem to have been temporarily checked. There seems no doubt, however, that the Presidential cause is declining, and Arica and Tacna have been secured by the insurgents. The Argentine Congress was opened last week, and the situation there seems slightly more hopeful.

PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATES.

NOW is the time to study at leisure the habits and manners of the candidate for Parliament. Even as once in a series of years the astronomer furbishes up his telescope and observes the transit of a planet across the surface of the sun, so as a General Election approaches, and when consequently candidates are numerous, the curious observer of human nature in all its wayward manifestations hastens to some place where experience has taught him candidates will be found gathered together.

No spot is so favourable for an investigation of this kind as the scene of a contested by-election which takes place when a General Election is at no great distance. The investigation cannot with safety be postponed until a General Election. Then all is hurry and confusion. There is a fight in every constituency. No man can help his neighbour. Everybody is on his own war-path. There

is therefore no concentration of candidates. They are scattered up and down the land, and so flurried that it is almost impossible to observe their humours. To appreciate a candidate properly, takes time—a great deal of time. But at a by-election shortly before a General Election, candidates are to be found in shoals—genuine candidates who have all gone through the proud process of selection, who enjoy a status peculiarly their own, who have a part to play, and play it with spirit. They hurry to the contest from afar. With what readiness do they proffer their services! Like sea-birds, they come screaming and flapping their wings, and settle down at the same hotel, which for days resounds with their cheerful cries. This is quite the best place to observe them. In the smoking-room at night, after their oratorical labours are over, they are very great, very proud, very happy. Their talk is of their constituencies, as they are pleased to designate the districts which have chosen them. They retail the anecdotes with which they are wont to convulse their audiences. The stories are familiar, but not as they tell them.

What a contrast do these bright hopeful creatures present to their taciturn cynical companions! —sombre figures who sit sucking at their pipes, the actual Members of Parliament, who, far from flying joyfully to the field of battle, as the candidate has just done, have been driven there, grunting and grumbling, by the angry crack of the party Whips.

As you listen to the frank exuberant speech of the candidate, recounting the points he has made during the day, the conviction he has brought home to the waverer, the dilemmas he has thrust upon his opponents, the poor show made by somebody who thought to embarrass him by an interruption, and compare it with the gloomy asides of the member, who, however brave a figure he may have made upon the platform an hour or two before, seems now painfully alive to the inherent weakness of his cause, doubtful of victory anywhere, certain of defeat where he is, it is almost impossible to believe that once upon a time the member was himself a candidate.

Confidence is the badge of the tribe of candidates. How it is born, where it is bred, on what it feeds save vanity, we cannot tell. Figures cannot shake it. It is too majestical to be affected by ridicule. From scorn and brutal jest it turns contemptuously away. We have as we write a candidate in our eye. We met him but yesterday. He is a Liberal candidate, and woos a constituency which returned a Tory in 1885 by the comfortable majority of fourteen hundred. In 1886 there was no contest. It is on this last fact—this melancholy fact—that the candidate seizes, with the instinct of his race, as rebutting the inference that might otherwise, he admits, have been fairly enough drawn from the 1885 figures. An astonishing, an incredible change—so he assured us with a beaming smile, revealing the deep peace that was within—has come over the whole constituency. As he goes in and out amongst his people, as he calls them, he meets on every side with evidence of wholesale conversions. The Wesleyans were shaky; they are now with him to a man. He knows a lady who told him that her brother-in-law, the leading Liberal Unionist in the constituency, had been heard to declare with emphasis that he did not know but what he had had about enough of Joe Chamberlain. And so he babbled on, smiling and sipping, sipping and smiling. When a collision occurs between the boundless confidence of the candidate and the bottomless world-wearied scepticism of the member, it is interesting to note how wholly ineffectual is the latter to disturb, even for a moment, the beautifully poised equilibrium of the former. "I always forget the name of the place you are trying for," we lately overheard a member during an election contest observe at breakfast-time to a candidate. "The Slowcombe Division of Mudfordshire," replied the candidate. "Oh!" said the member, with a groan as he savagely chipped at his egg, "I thought they had given you something better than that." "I wish for nothing better," said the candidate. "I'm safe enough;" and, so saying, he rose from the table, and, taking his hat, went off on to the Parade, where he was soon joined by another candidate, and the pair whiled away a couple of hours in delightful converse.

The politics of candidates are fierce things. In this respect the British commodity differs materially from the American. Mr. Lowell introduces the American candidate as saying—

> "Ez to my princerples, I glory
> In hevin' nothin' o' the sort.
> I ain't a Wig, I ain't a Tory—
> I'm just a Canderdate, in short."

Our candidates—good, excellent fellows that they are—are not a bit like Mr. Lowell's. They have as many principles as a fish has bones. Their vision is clear. The following expressions are constantly on their lips:—"I can see no difficulty about it. I have explained it all to my people over and over again, and no more can they. I and my constituency are entirely at one in the matter. I must say our leaders are very disappointing. My people are getting a little dissatisfied, though of course I tell them they must not expect everything at once, and I think they see that"—and so on for an hour or two.

There is nothing a candidate hates more than a practical difficulty; he feels discomfited by it. It destroys the harmony of his periods, the sweep of his generalisations. All such things he dismisses as detail "which need not now detain us gentlemen." Herein, perhaps, consists the true happiness of the candidate. He is the embodied Hope of his party. He will grapple with facts—when he becomes one. In the meantime he floats about, cheered wherever he goes. It is an intoxicating life.

Sometimes when candidates and members meet together—not to aid their common cause at a by-election, but for the purpose of discussing the prospects of their party or the items of their programme—the situation gets a little accentuated. Candidates have a habit of glaring around them, which is distinctly unpleasant; whilst some members sniff the air, as if that were a recognised method of indicating the presence of candidates. Altogether, the less candidates and members see of one another, the better. They are antipathetic; they harm one another.

The self-satisfaction and hopefulness of the candidate, his noisy torrent of talk ere he is dashed below, his untiring enunciation of platitudes and fallacies, his abuse of opponents the weight of whose arm he has never felt—all these things, harmless as they are, far from displeasing in themselves, deepen the gloom of the sitting member into whose soul the iron of St. Stephen's has entered, relax the tension of his mind, unnerve his vigour, corrode his faith; whilst, on the other hand, his demeanour and utterances, his brutal recognition of failure on his own side and of merit in his opponent's, are puzzling to the candidate.

The leaders of parties will do well if they keep members and candidates apart. The latter should always herd together.

To do candidates justice, they are far more amusing, and much better worth studying, than members.

INSTRUCTION IN POLITICS.

TO the present writer one great advantage of the establishment of Home Rule in Ireland, which, strange to say, is not mentioned in the book before us,* seems to lie in the fact that it will give Ireland a written constitution, to be followed, no doubt, by similar documents for England and Scotland, which will serve as a text for regular teaching of the broad outlines of politics. Americans and Swiss, and, to

* Political Manual. By Sydney Buxton. Cassell & Co., 1891.

some extent, Frenchmen, do seem to understand their public law as few educated Englishmen understand theirs (the fact has been noticed by Sir Henry Maine). To see how much can be done, where written Constitutions exist, in making the system and the general principles of government intelligible, we need only look at any of the excellent popular handbooks of the Constitution of the United States which are used in American colleges—at Ford's "American Citizens' Manual," for instance, or Andrew's "Manual of the Constitution," or at what in many ways is the best book of all, Mr. John Fiske's "Civil Government in the United States," of which a review signed by well-known initials appeared in our columns some weeks ago, and which is not only intended for use in high schools, but is based on lectures already delivered to many schoolboys and schoolgirls. In Switzerland, again, the student of public law has his Blumer (revised by Morel) in three volumes, the intelligent voter has his Dubs in two—both authors having been among the greatest of Swiss jurists. And though so much has been done towards supplying good books on public law and political theory in England of late years—by Professor Dicey, Professor Anson, and others—they have hardly reached the general public, even that large portion of it which is well educated and acutely interested in politics. Pending the formulation of the British Constitution, a step which, though it has had the support of Mr. Frederic Harrison, yet, as Sir Henry Maine's advocacy of it suggests, will probably be an item in the Conservative programme before many years have passed, we must do the best we can with such statements of existing facts as we have in the English Citizen Series, and such sketches of primary political notions as are contained in Mr. Thomas Raleigh's excellent little book on Elementary Politics. But in England, for the last twenty years our subject-matter has been peculiarly unstable and changeable, and hence the utility of a work on current questions like Mr. Sydney Buxton's Handbook of Politics, from which the little book before us is abridged. This latter summarises, without much classification, but otherwise very clearly as well as fully, the arguments for and against certain familiar proposals: Home Rule for Ireland, the Reform of the House of Lords, shorter Parliaments, Church and State, School Fees (a section now, it is to be hoped, happily no longer required), the Eight Hours question, and Land Law Reform. So detailed and comprehensive is the list of arguments that it would be a hard matter to invent any more—and the problem may be commended to the devisers of prize competitions. As Liberals we rather regret that the arguments *against* reform do not come first, because on reaching them we so often find they have been demolished in advance; and it would not make the book less fair if there were a few more cross-references from the pros to the cons, and *vice versâ*.

Probably most readers will wish that more subjects were dealt with. We ourselves should like to see another volume dealing with One Man One Vote, Women's Suffrage, Land Nationalisation, and perhaps Proportional Representation—though it is only in Switzerland and Belgium that this latter is just now within the sphere of practical politics. Of course a reviewer is expected to pick a few holes. Thus when it is given as a stock argument against Home Rule that an Irish Parliament will be Protectionist, we ought in fairness to be told in a footnote that the only scheme yet made public refuses to Ireland the power to impose Customs Duties: Holland at present affords an exception to the statement that "Second Chambers are always Conservative": some notice should have been taken of the orthodox legal theory that "the Church of England" is not a body known to the law as holding endowments, but an aggregate of separate owners whose properties are to some extent under central control; and more should have been made of the fact brought out in a little book by Professor Freeman, that historically, at any rate, it is not a sect among sects, but the nation as organised for religious purposes. We have no reference, again—but we are very glad of it—to that peculiarly imbecile theory, sometimes put forward, that the existence of the House of Lords is somehow justified by modern biology, because mental and moral qualities are transmissible by inheritance; just as if a man inherited nothing from his mother's family, or as if mental and moral qualities did not often skip a generation, and were not always profoundly modified by their environment. Such justifications are closely akin to the well-known theory of some primitive sociologist that a man descends from his father only, and is no relation to his mother at all—the theory which, after probably revolutionising many primitive societies, formed the basis of such diverse institutions as the Basque Couvade and the Roman Agnatic Kinship, figured in the *Eumenides* of Æschylus, and yet survived long enough to be seriously maintained by James Boswell. On the whole, then, the book is worthy of the highest praise. If both sides will only read it—and especially our opponents, the more so because it is absolutely fair—we shall all at least be a good deal nearer that high level of political intelligence which has always been peculiarly favourable to the Liberal party, and which our leaders have always striven to secure.

MADAME BLAVATSKY.

IT has been argued with much force that the only new career now open to a young person of ambition is the founding of a new religion. It is a tolerably easy career, although it needs faculty. The number of new prophets among us in these latter days is astonishing; or it would be if they all had the notoriety which was enjoyed by the late Madame Blavatsky. She began life as a table-turner, and ended by being the chief of a British-American sect. She had no luck with the French, though she tried for it. Theosophy could not breathe in the atmosphere of Paris. No one said anything against it—no one took so much trouble—but a few people smiled, and it was all over. In this country we take new religions as seriously as all our amusements, and Blavatskyism, if that is the proper word for it, has in some fashion got a root here. It is not much worse than the root of the prison flower in its cranny, but, such as it is, it is a growth. All new religions need a happy thought; and the happy thought in this instance was the grafting of the terminology of Buddhism on the phenomena of the Egyptian Hall. When Madame Blavatsky was young, she entertained her patrons with table-rapping, the reading of hidden bits of paper, the flight of tobacco-pouches through space, and the transit of luminous balls in dark rooms. She could ring bells near the ceiling, and produce trinkets out of empty drawers. Then, much later in her life, came the esoteric Buddhism, which appears to be Buddhism in long words. The word Mesopotamia shrank to nothing beside the nomenclature of this system.

It was curious to see a service, if service it is to be called, in the Lodge at St. John's Wood, which was the headquarters of the English section. On stated days the members assembled to hear lectures on the system. A liberal distribution of tickets enabled outsiders to attend and enjoy the opportunity of conversion. They entered a little tabernacle built in a garden. While waiting for the lecture, they were at liberty to stare at the walls, which were covered with curious inscriptions, and still more curious figures of things that never were on sea or land. The people of the new faith were very much like the people of the old faiths. A few faces among them showed a certain mental acuteness, but most were as serenely vacuous as those of a parish congregation. They all looked extremely respectable.

The man in the corner was evidently a half-pay colonel whose wife objected to theatres. The ladies were serious and usually wakeful, and some of them looked capable of understanding the writing on the wall. They showed much interest in a strange-looking Hindoo, who seemed of infirm mind, and who told beads and prayed in picturesque attitudes in a corner.

When the lecturer happened to be Mrs. Besant it was altogether interesting. Mrs. Besant is fluency itself. Her style is perfectly clear and precise. Her voice is sweet. Her eloquence is the flow of the running brook when no boulders are in the way. It begins as it goes on, without halt or stop—all perfect exposition to the finish, a logic of abstractions which makes the Athanasian Creed a miracle of simplicity. Mrs. Besant used to explain theosophy by the blackboard. There are seven spheres in it, and it is easy enough to draw them in white chalk. The earth is but one of them. Through these seven spheres must we go, and seven times seven is the full count of our wanderings. We enter the first as spiritual protoplasm, or something of that kind; we leave the last as beings of an order so extremely superior that we despise wings. Our present stage of existence upon this earth marks the course of what is called the fourth "round." As we manage matters in that round, so shall we come up smiling, or despondent, for the next. In each sphere, and more especially in each round, our souls acquire new powers. What is finally to happen to them in the seven times seventh is hardly to be conjectured, but it is something very fine indeed. In the questioning that follows the lecture, the half-pay colonel will unsuccessfully try to show that he has not been asleep. Keen young fellows from the Universities who think something of the doctrine, and know how to express it, help to lift up the debate. Wild men with long hair bring astrology into the memorial, and announce curious discoveries in Celestial intrigue, which exactly account for the latest news from the Masters in Thibet. Some of the questions are little more than a string of polysyllables, and of technical polysyllables at that. There are mysterious references to the book of Dzyan, to the mountain range of Altyntoga, and to a wonderful manuscript made out of palm leaves, impermeable to water, fire, and air. Nothing is difficult, so long only as it is something that nobody can understand.

The poor old prophetess was rarely present on these occasions. She had grown heavy and feeble, and her physical life had entered prematurely into the days of labour and sorrow; yet none the less did she keep the whole thing together. She ruled her disciples by a curious mixture of mysticism of speech and bluntness of manner in which the Tartar or the Cossack was blended with the Hindoo. It is impossible to say much more of her, for she has but recently gone into the great silence, but one day a curious chapter in the history of superstitions may be written on the memorials of "Blavatsky Lodge."

MR. GRANT ALLEN AT DINNER.

MR. GRANT ALLEN says that Hedda Gabler is just such a lady as he takes in to dinner nineteen times in twenty.

"Clear, please. Yes, Mrs. Hedda, I seem to have known you for quite a long time, though this is the first occasion on which I have taken you in to dinner."

"Thick, please. It is very good of you to say so, Mr. Allen. I suppose you mean that you have heard how much I enjoy your writings? Claret."

"Sherry, please. No, Mrs. Hedda, I was quite unaware that you had read my books. But I am glad you like them."

"George brings them to me from the library."

"May I ask who George is?"

"Oh, don't let us waste time talking about him, Mr. Allen: do tell me what you meant by saying that you seemed to have known me for quite a long time. No, thank you."

"Well, Mrs. Hedda, I meant that I take ladies just like you in to dinner nineteen times in twenty."

"Can you tell me who all those people are, Mr. Allen?"

"I know most of them, Mrs. Hedda. They are the set one is eternally meeting at a London dinner-table. Bread, please."

"That little fair woman opposite is——?"

"She used to be a Mrs. Elvsted. I am not quite sure what her name is at present. A sweet, innocent creature, of a clinging nature—made to cling, I should say."

"And the lady in green?"

"Ah! she has had a sad history. I only know her Christian name—Nora. She left her husband, I believe, because he would call her 'Pet.'"

"How insulting!"

"Yes, she flung out of the house in the bravest manner, but left the children to him. But we must not extol her as unique, Mrs. Hedda. Nineteen out of every twenty of the ladies one takes in to dinner do such things. I am confident, now, that you—— No, thank you. I cannot say who the gentleman on her right is. He seems to say nothing but 'Fancy that!'"

"Sometimes, Mr. Allen, he says 'Just think of that, now!' He is a young man of letters."

"Ha! not the kind that one meets nineteen times in twenty. Do you happen to know his name?"

"His name is Tesman—George Tesman."

"Never heard it. Where does he write?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, Mr. Allen. He is my husband, don't you know."

"Just think of that, Mrs. Hedda!"

"I think of it as little as possible, Mr. Allen."

"In the back garden?"

"Yes, I have a licence."

"You use an air-gun?"

"No, Mr. Allen; I wonder at your thinking that of me."

"I only meant that the air-gun is noiseless, Mrs. Hedda."

"I hate a noiseless weapon. Don't you think half of the exhilaration is lost if you don't hear the crack of the pistol?"

"No doubt, but I thought the neighbours might object."

"How could they? I don't shoot at them. I have not even winged a child."

"Is it not a little dangerous, though? When you see a neighbour digging in his garden of an evening, does not a sudden temptation come to you to ——, eh?"

"No, I should not care to shoot a perfect stranger."

"But if he were someone you had an interest in —say, George?"

"Oh, I have no interest in George. Even if I did pick him off, he would say, 'You have shot me, Hedda; fancy that!' before he fell."

"Lamb, please. In the *Fortnightly?* I should like to read it. Life is such a mistake, don't you think?"

"It is so difficult, Mrs. Hedda, to know what else to do. Thank you, yes."

"Still, you agree with me?"

"It would make a good article."

"And how much more interesting if you had really done it before the article appeared!"

"I don't know that I should care to do it myself."

"I wish you would, Mr. Allen."

"Why, Mrs. Hedda?"

"I suppose because I like you. I always advise the men I like to do it."

"Do they?"

"Not always. One did—but in the wrong place."

"Still, if it finished him off, that was the main thing, was it not?"

"Oh dear no. Better not do it at all, if you cannot do it gracefully."

"Are you thinking over what I have been advising, Mr. Allen?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hedda, but I don't quite see my way. Gorgonzola, please."

"No cheese, thank you. Do you mean, Mr. Allen, that you are afraid you could not do it gracefully?"

"I dare say that is what I mean. The summer has come at last, don't you think, Mrs. Hedda?"

"I am positive you exaggerate the difficulties. The great thing is to do it in the right place. Now, there are several good places."

"A few more days of this sun, and the broom will be in full bloom. The blossom on the apple trees——"

"Of course you must not aim too low down because——"

"The sight of the blossom went to my heart, Mrs. Hedda, and——"

"The heart is a good place, a very good place."

"Positively it was so hot yesterday that I sat out of doors with bare head."

"The head is a good place, too."

"You have escaped the influenza, Mrs. Hedda? Astonishing, is it not, the number of members of Parliament who——"

"I always carry one in my pocket for the use of friends. I will wrap it up in my handkerchief and then you can drop your napkin over it and so manage to slip it up your sleeve unobserved. It is double-barrelled——"

WHAT MR. SAINTSBURY THINKS.

"OF what," asks the singer—"Of what is the old man thinking, As he sits in his elbow-chair?" As a rule he appears to be thinking that the young men nowadays are rather a poor lot, and come monstrously short of the standard of his own bright youth. To borrow Mr. Swiveller's way of putting it, the old man as a critic is not friendly: occasionally he is very fierce indeed: and for some reason or another his voice has been heard in the land, this spring, to the extinction of the turtle's. As a flippant young man remarked, the other day, "the Graiæ seem to have been passing round their tooth." It is therefore something of a relief to take up Mr. George Saintsbury's new volume ("Essays on the French Novelists," Percival & Co.), and find one critic, at all events, of elderly proclivities, who can manage to discuss a number of writers with whom he has no sympathy and to treat them fairly.

In his first essay Mr. Saintsbury hints that he has read about a couple of hundred French novels every year for the last decade. This is appalling; and a reader unacquainted with Mr. Saintsbury's great reputation might be forgiven for hastily concluding that so much industry must long ago have been fatal to Mr. Saintsbury's judgment. It is as if a man claimed to be a judge of wine on the ground that he "tasted" it to the extent of two gallons a day. And it would be easy, as well as unjust, to argue that this industry explains Mr. Saintsbury's dislike of the modern developments of the novel in France; for we may assume that new books form the bulk of his year's total. There is something in the contention, nevertheless. It takes two to make literature—one to write and the other to read; and the duty of selection is as imperative in the reader's case as in the writer's. To read, let us say, a hundred and fifty new novels a year means, for ninety-nine men in a hundred, indigestion; and indigestion means not only dissatisfaction with the meal but (we leave the reader to search his experience for proof of this) a peevish disposition to lay the blame on this or that particular course. Mr. Saintsbury says it's the salmon. In other words he accuses "realism" and the "analytical method," whereas the mere amount consumed may well account for his dyspepsia.

On the other hand Mr. Saintsbury has been an omnivorous reader of older French novels, and they have not affected his digestion in the least. Of course, if any hundred books be taken, fifty old and fifty new, the odds are that the quality of the fifty old books will be considerably superior to that of the fifty new ones; for the really worst books of past generations have gone to line trunks and wrap mackerel, while those of to-day are still competing with their betters. But Mr. Saintsbury has nevertheless been able to find and read a considerable number of really bad old books without damage to his taste or temper. He is the last man in the world with whom a novel of "sensibility" might be expected to "agree"; and yet he not only speaks of Madame de la Fayette and her followers with respect, allowing even that "the conventional absurdities of the *précieuses*, their sighs and flames, their platonic affections, their elaborate gradations of the tender passion, were really an attempt, and a not unsuccessful attempt at reform," a righteous revolt against that "Chivalry" which somehow has been the most overpraised and misunderstood thing in history, but he is able to describe to us some of the more ridiculous excesses of the "sensibility" school with a gusto that he obviously lacks when writing of anybody later than Flaubert. His own excuse is that Modern France does not take its literature with the slightest relish. Mr. Saintsbury doesn't read with relish because MM. Zola, Daudet, Bourget, "Loti," etc., do not write with relish. We should be the more inclined to accept this did we not observe that there is scarcely a living critic who reads with relish any novel written since he was twenty-five years old.

For let us consider. Since 1878, as Mr. Saintsbury points out, many French novelists have died. Sandeau is gone, and Flaubert and About and Feuillet; M. Droz has turned from gallantry to devotion, M. Cherbuliez from fiction to politics. "It can hardly be said that the place of these masters, or at least the best of them, has been taken," says Mr. Saintsbury. Well, Flaubert stands by himself, perhaps; but to set MM. About and Droz on this imposing pedestal is surely a little strong. Everybody has a brick for M. Zola in these days. Messrs. Oscar Wilde and Robert Buchanan (heaven smile upon the fair conjunction) heave one apiece, though from different sides. Everybody, too, knows that M. Zola is not what he seems: the monthly magazines have informed us seven and seventy times that he is no realist at all, but a slightly lyrical pessimist. Still it is a little hard to hint that he is no consolation for the decease of the lamented About; and there is some question whether he is half as naughty as the lamented Feuillet.

And M. Daudet? "Professed Daudetists," he says, would think scorn of anyone who regarded their idol as the creator of Tartarin and the charming "Chèvre de M. Séguin": they rest his fame on his "great works," from "Le Petit Chose" to "L'Immortel" and "my own attitude to this Daudet cult is," Mr. Saintsbury is sorry to say, "the dissidence of dissent." But, in the name of criticism, why criticise the foolish worshippers of an author rather than the author himself? "La Chèvre de M. Séguin" Mr. Saintsbury admits to be "an imperishable thing"; and admiring this small story he must (we are free to bet) admire at least a dozen more of the "Lettres de mon Moulin," and the "Contes de Lundi"—"Les Étoiles," for instance, and "Les Deux Auberges," "Wood's-town," "La Dernière Classe," &c. &c. But it seems that, while ready to praise many short stories by these later writers—Zola's

"Attaque du Moulin," Daudet's "Chèvre de M. Séguin," de Maupassant's "Boule de Suif" and "Les Sœurs Rondoli"—and to praise them very highly, he can say very little for their longer efforts' It is true that he calls "Pierre et Jean" the best French novel which has been written since 1870; but taken in its context this testimonial does not amount to much.

What is the matter, then?—for a man who loves Gautier with his whole heart, as Mr. Saintsbury loves him, must needs be listened to when he assails the modern French novel, while Mr. Buchanan, another assailant, who has an idea in what Homer would call "his dear head" that Gautier "treats flesh like a pork butcher," may merely be recommended to learn the language. The evil, Mr. Saintsbury thinks, lies in realism and analysis. With regard to the former most people are now agreed. It is really but a phase in the struggle to produce good work which has gone on from the beginning of time. Men say suddenly "We are tired of old ways and traditions. Let us betake ourselves to life and study it at first-hand and copy it;" and after a while, finding life and nature altogether too vast and too full of detail, they return again and work again in the old ways with some improvements that their excursion has taught them. Strict realism, as everybody now sees, is a mere dream; but the "movement" itself was necessary to save writers from conventionality. Of the tendency towards analysis we have less hope. It is, we agree with Mr. Saintsbury, "not strictly a method at all." If the aim of the novelist be to represent life, let him represent it; but motives, after all, are merely a preliminary of human action, and the dissection of motives must therefore be but a preliminary to the representation of human action. To say that Angelina asked Edwin if he would take another cup of tea, not because she wanted him to take another cup, but from a desire to see how he would behave when the possibility of having another cup was suggested to him, is to mistake the scaffolding for the story.

Mr. Saintsbury concludes his preface with some words of unexpected hopefulness. "In both France and England I see a considerable flagging in the kinds of the novel proper, and what energy there is appears to me to be diverted into the simpler romance. . . . . The simple extravagance, the natural impossibilities, the kindly enormities of the romance are what we all want after the last forty years of analysis, which has left nothing worth analysing. The new romance will, in its turn, no doubt, give rise and place to the new novel. Thackeray follows Scott and Flaubert Dumas quite naturally. They always have done so (with differences), and always will."

"With differences"—the important truth seems to us to lie in the parenthesis. And the movement towards realism—dislike it as we may, and monstrous as we may consider its extravagances—is no worse than a step towards the new Thackeray or the new Flaubert, with differences.

THE BEST INTENTIONS.

This is a Dialogue. The persons are Cyril and Vivian: the scene is the library of a house in Piccadilly, overlooking the Green Park: the time, just after supper.

Cyril: That lobster was perfect—

Vivian: Ah! don't call it that—call it a flamingo. My cook makes mad scarlet things, does he not?—things that have been wicked in deep seas and curiously passionate beneath many waters, and wear the red livery of their sin about them; things with claws. They have been dead many times—

Cyril: My dear Vivian!

Vivian: For them Nero has been an angler in the lake of darkness; and if to the uncritical fisherman of to-day, as he dangles his bare legs over the gunwale of his bobbing boat, they appear sable, what wonder? Beautiful things are invariably careless; they take one man by the toe and another by the critical faculty; and one man sees the strange creature black with sin, original and acquired, while the other beholds only, with purified vision, the ruddy brand of experience, which is emotion, which is suffering, upon its scales. What does he care for the beast's morals? He is a critic and the critic's first duty is to be blind.

Cyril (suddenly): When is a door not a door, Vivian?

Vivian: I was waiting for that question. To the critic it is not a door until he has removed the knocker, the letter-box, and the brass plate of the not sufficiently general practitioner. As he eliminates these objects one by one, so, step by step, does he advance towards the point where criticism may worthily begin. You remember how, in the first chapter of George Eliot's novel, Seth Bede forgets the panels in the door that he is making. I have sometimes thought there was more than Methodism in his madness and that, overpassing with a flash of contemptuous insight the question which has vexed mankind so long, he meant to set it at rest for ever by answering the more important corollary, When is a door really a door? In the same way the flamingo is red and real to me, having been sublimated on its way to my table; for on its way it encountered Art. My cook purified it by pity and terror. Nature, however, is so confoundedly imitative and follows Art so pertinaciously, that I think of giving him warning.

Cyril: Do you mean to say that Nature will soon emulate Art to the extent of giving us red lobst—flamingoes?

Vivian: Cooked, my dear fellow! You smile. But you would smile no longer were you persecuted, as I am, by the cheap burlesques of Nature. The Sun itself plagiarises from me. Once or twice, lately, it has been almost brilliant; and I live in dread that it will soon fall into my habit of staying up half the night. Looking out on the weather I find it a little wilde. Be so good as to hand me the book at your elbow, a little volume, bound in some Nile-green thing that has been powdered with gilded nenuphars, its cream-laid pages impregnated with the fragrance of gum Arabic, and its price erased, inside the cover, by gutta-percha. It contains the paragraphs I cull, in my dull hours, from *Tit-Bits*. Open it at the cutting headed, "Phenomenal Instinct of a Dog in Essex," and you will find that a farmer named Savory, dwelling on the banks of the Colne, was awakened, one bitter night last January, by the scratching of a Newfoundland dog at his front door. Being convinced at last, by the animal's behaviour, that something was wrong, he followed it to an adjacent bridge that spans the river; but finding nothing, very excusably kicked the dog (who appeared to be puzzled) and returned to his bed. Next morning, however, the twin infants of a neighbouring farmer were found, frozen to death and lying side by side, *at the other end of the bridge*. It was conjectured that the babes, having tumbled into the river in the attempt to rescue each other, had been brought to shore by the dog their father kept for that very purpose, but that the otherwise sagacious animal had confused the two ends of the bridge. At the inquest the coroner happened to ask the dog's name. It was "General." At least it should have been.

But the Greeks, my dear Cyril, were secure of Nature's competition, because in Hellas there were no tourists to leave newspapers about. In the best days of Art the sculptor went forth and chiselled his father and his mother, his uncle and his friend, and none gainsaid him. He journeyed to the Parian quarries and cut his undesirable acquaintances on the spot. The painter painted the town red, or

blue, according to his fancy, and no one hunted for his brush. The waxers waxed abundantly and the carvers carved without heeding what became of the gravy; and the meanest tiller of the soil was an art critic. So that, when, in some dim frescoed fane or pillared moonlit portico, the passing policemen, *ἁβρῶς βαίνοντες διὰ λαμπροτάτου αἰθέρος*, saw the haymakers making hay with the marbles of Pheidias, they became conscious of a new influence that had come across their beat, and dreamily, or with a sense of strange and quickening emotion, went home and wrote out their reports under the lavender-scented bed-clothes, advocating *laissez-faire*. In those days the artist was free. From the river valley he took the fine clay in his fingers, or from the sitting bird the o'er-ripe egg, and plastered to his will the candidate for civic honours; or on a wall of fresh stucco, stained with bright sandyx or mixed with milk and saffron, he pictured one who lifted two tired, wan hands and extended the fingers in contempt of the casual *bourgeois*. The potter sat in his shed and shed his pots right and left: flower-like they rose up beneath his hands and it mattered nothing to him that he had promised an urn to a paying customer who wanted it for his sire's ashes—

Cyril. Another cigarette, please. By the way, where do you get your cigarettes?

Vivian. From the nearest chemist's. They are good for bronchitis or something of the sort, and the man has fierce coloured bottles in his window that attract me strangely when the gas-jets are lit behind them. As I was saying, Art in those days——but what is the matter?

Cyril (faintly). People don't *do* these things!

Vivian. Ah! no Ibsen to-night. I could say a heap of amusing things about him; but already the members of the Savile Club are pausing on their homeward way to sing their customary hymn beneath my window. They adore literature, you know. Look out and down upon their bald heads in the moonlight. They seem to be made of cool ivory. They are like Greek things of the best period. But come, I am tired of thought. Let us go down to Covent Garden and smell the onions; they will make us weep over sins we have never committed and mourn for dead loves that were not our own. I will have three onions on the cover of my new book and they shall be called "Intentions," because in the best days of Art . . . . creative . . . . Polycleites . . . myself . . . .

[*They pass out of hearing.*]

THE CAMERA IN ART.

IT is certain that the introduction of Japaneseries into this country has permanently increased our sense of colour; is it therefore improbable that the invention of photography has modified, if it has not occasioned any very definite alteration in our general perception of the external world? It would be interesting to inquire into such recondite and illusive phenomena; and I am surprised that no paper on so interesting a question has appeared in any of our art journals. True, so many papers are printed in our weekly and monthly press that it is impossible for anyone to know all that has been written on any one subject; but, so far as I am aware, no such paper has appeared, and the absence of such a paper is, I think, a serious deficiency in our critical literature. It is, however, no part of my present purpose to attempt to supply this want, which here I call attention to as I pass on to consider rapidly—and, I must admit, only cursively—a matter less abstruse and of more practical interest—namely, the habit—and a habit which is increasing among artists—to avail themselves of the assistance of photographs in their work. It will not be questioned that many artists of repute do use photographs to—well, to put it briefly, to save themselves trouble, expense, and, in some cases, to supplement defective education. But the influence of photography on art is so vast a subject, so multiple, so intricate, that I may do no more here than lift the very outer fringe. It is, however, clear to almost everybody who has thought about art at all, that the ever-changing colour and form of clouds, the complex variety (definite in its very indefiniteness) of every populous street, the evanescent delicacy of line and aërial effect that the most common and prosaic suburb presents in certain lights, are the very enchantment and despair of the artist; and likewise everyone who has for any short while reflected seriously on the problem of artistic work must know that the success of every evocative rendering of the exquisite externality of crowded or empty street, of tumult or calm in cloud-land, is the fruit of daily and hourly observation—observation filtered through years of thought, and then fortified again in observation of Nature. But such observation is the labour of a life; and he who undertakes it must be prepared to see his skin brown and blister in the shine, and feel his flesh pain him with icy chills in the biting north wind. The great landscape painters suffered for the intolerable desire of Art; they were content to forego the life of drawing-rooms and clubs, and live solitary lives in unceasing communion with Art and Nature. But artists in these days are afraid of catching cold, and impatient of long and protracted studentship. Everything must be made easy, comfortable, and expeditious; and so it comes to pass that many an artist seeks assistance from the camera. A moment, and it is done: no wet feet; no tiresome sojourn in the country when town is full of merry festivities; and, above all, hardly any failure—that is to say, no failure that the ordinary public can detect, nor, indeed, any failure that the artist's conscience will not get used to in time.

Mr. Gregory is the most celebrated artist who is said to make habitual use of photography. Mr. Gregory has no warmer admirer than myself. His picture of "Dawn" is the most fairly famous picture of our time; and the reproach often urged, that he has done nothing equal to this picture, is not a just reproach; for the fame of any artist one supremely good book or picture is sufficient. Besides, though they do not attract clamorous notice, hardly a year passes that Mr. Gregory does not exhibit some slight but exquisite picture or study. The last thing I saw of his was a little girl in a red dress stopping to gather a flower; and though the little girl was exquisitely graceful in colour and form, I thought I could distinguish the photograph even where the paint was thickest. But what matter if the result was satisfactory? It is surely the result that concerns us. I do not contend that a man of consummate education may not, and almost with impunity, make use of photography. The literary style of Mr. John Addington Symonds would not be irreparably crippled were he to undertake to translate one of Georges Ohnet's novels. That is clear; and it is hardly necessary to say that an artist of consummate artistic education who takes to using photographs will acquire no new knowledge, or that it will take a long while before any definite deterioration in his work becomes obvious. The more complete his education, the better he will be able to disguise the mechanical help he receives, and the longer his art will support long abstinence from Nature.

Mr. Bartlett is another artist who, it is said, makes habitual use of photographs; and surely in some of his boys bathing the photographic effects are visible enough. But although very far from possessing the accomplishments of Mr. Gregory, Mr. Bartlett has acquired considerable education, and can draw, when occasion requires, very well indeed from life. Mr. Mortimer Menpes is the third artist of any notoriety that rumour has declared to be a disciple of the camera. His case is the most

flagrant, for it is said that he rarely, if ever, draws from Nature, and that his entire work is done from photographs. Be this as it may, his friends have stated a hundred times in the Press that he uses photography, and it would seem that his work shows the mechanical aid more and more every day. Some years ago he went to Japan, and brought home a number of pictures which suited drawing-rooms, and were soon sold. I did not see the exhibition, but I saw some pictures done by him at that time—one, an especially good one, I happened upon in the Grosvenor Gallery. This picture, although superficial and betraying when you looked into it a radical want of knowledge, was not lacking in charm. In French studios there is a slang phrase which expresses the meretricious charm of this picture—*c'est du chic*; and the meaning of this very expressive term is ignorance affecting airs of capacity. Now the whole of Mr. Menpes' picture was comprised in this term. The manner of the master, who, certain of the shape and value of the shadow under an eye, will let his hand run, was reproduced; but the exact shape and value of the shadows were not to be gathered from the photograph, and the result was a charming but a hollow mockery. And then the 'colour-notes'; with what certainty they were dashed into the little pictures from Japan, and how dexterously the touch of the master who knows exactly what he wants was parodied! At the first glance you were deceived; at the second you saw that it was only such cursive taste and knowledge as a skilful photographer who had been allowed the run of a painter's studio for a few months might display. Nowhere was there any definite intention; it was something that had been well committed to memory, that had been well remembered, but only half-understood. Everything floated—drawing, values, colours—for there was not sufficient knowledge to hold and determine the place of any one. Since those days Mr. Menpes has continued to draw from photographs, and—the base of his artistic education being deficient from the first—the result of his long abstention from Nature is apparent, even to the least critical, in the some hundred and seventy paintings, etchings, and what he calls diamond-points on ivory. Diamond-points on ivory may astonish the unthinking public, but artists are interested in the drawing, and not what the drawing is done upon. Besides the diamond-points, there is quite sufficient matter in this exhibition to astonish visitors from Peckham, Pentonville, Islington, and perhaps Clapham, but not Bayswater—no, not Bayswater. There are frames in every sort of pattern—some are even adorned with gold tassels—and the walls have been especially prepared to receive them. These pictures and etchings purport to be representations of India, Burma, and Cashmire. The diamond-points, I believe, purport to be diamond-points. In some of the etchings there is the same ingenious touch of hand, but anything more woeful than the oil pictures cannot easily be imagined. In truth, they do not call for any serious criticism; and were it not for the fact that they afforded an opportunity of making some remarks—which seemed to me to be worth making—about the influence of photography in modern art, I should have left the public to find for itself the value of this attempt, in the grandiloquent words of the catalogue, "to bring before my countrymen the æsthetic and artistic capabilities, and the beauty in various forms, that are to be found in our great Indian Empire." To criticise the pictures in detail is impossible; but I will try to give an impression of the exhibition as a whole. Imagine a room hung with ordinary school slates, imagine that all these slates have been gilt, and that some have been adorned with gold tassels instead of the usual sponge, and into each let there be introduced a dome, a camel, a palm-tree, or any other conventional sign of the East.

On examining the paintings thus sumptuously encased you will notice that the painter has not been able to affect with the brush any slight air of capacity; the material betrays him at every point. The etchings are *du chic;* but the paintings are merely abortive. The handling is in every instance the same, and it consists in scrubbing the colour into the canvas, attaining in this manner a texture which sometimes reminds you of wool, sometimes of sand, sometimes of both. The poor little bits of blue sky stick to the houses; there is nowhere a breath of air, a ray of light, nor even a conventionally graduated sky or distance; there is not an angle, or a pillar, or a stairway finely observed; there is not even any such eagerness in the delineation of an object as would show that the painter felt any interest in his work; every sketch tells the tale of a burden taken up and thankfully relinquished. Here we have white wall, but it has neither depth nor consistency; behind it a bit of sandy sky; the ground is yellow, and there is a violet shadow upon it. But the colour of the ground does not show through the shadow, therefore the shadow is a daub of violet paint. Look, for example, at No. 36. Is it possible to believe that that red-brick sky was painted from Nature, or that unhappy palm in a picture close by was copied as it raised its head over that wall. The real scene would have stirred an emotion in the heart of the dullest member of the Stock Exchange, and, however unskilful the brush-work, if the man could hold a brush at all, there would have been something to show that the man had been in the presence of Nature. There is no art so indiscreet as painting, and the story of the painter's mind may be read in every picture.

But another word regarding these pictures would be waste of space and time. Let Mr. Menpes put away his camera, let him go out in the streets or the fields and there let him lose himself in the vastness and beauty of Nature. Let him study humbly the hang of a branch or the surface of a wall, striving to give to each their character. Let him try to render the mystery of a perspective in the blue evening or its harshness and violence in the early dawn. There is no need to go to Burma, there is mystery and poetry wherever there is atmosphere. In certain moments a backyard, with its pump and a child leaning to drink, will furnish sufficient motive for an exquisite picture; the atmosphere of the evening hour will endow it with melancholy and tenderness. But the insinuating poetry of light the camera is powerless to reproduce, and it cannot be imagined; Nature is parsimonious of this her greatest gift, surrendering it slowly, and only to those who love her best, and whose hearts are pure of mercenary thought.

G. M.

THE DRAMA.

IBSEN'S *Lady from the Sea* is understood to have been the result of a holiday visit to the seaside. It is a respectable trophy to have brought back from a bourn whence most travellers return with nothing more noteworthy than a few bloodthirsty specimens of the familiar Fauna of a Margate lodging-house. But it is not, for all that, a convincing play. One does, perhaps, detect a whiff of ocean in it, but no more than a whiff. The experiment of "sea water at your own doors" seems to be as hopeless an enterprise in literature as it is, I believe, in commerce. Ellida Wangel, the mermaid-heroine of the play, who finds the waters of the fiord "sickly," and declares (in curiously Bostonian English) that she "belongs out there," *i.e.*, to the vasty deep, should be, metaphorically, dripping with brine, or, in Hedda Gabler's figure, have seaweed in her hair. That was doubtless the author's intention. Two obstacles, however, seem to have prevented its successful realisation, so far as it is to be divined from Mrs. Eleanor Marx Aveling's version of the play, which has been presented this week at Terry's Theatre. One is the lack of an actress of genius sufficient to make a plausible mermaid.

"When you've once for all become a land-animal, it isn't so easy to find your way back again to the sea," as the mermaid says; and actresses are necessarily land-animals. The other is the incongruity between this mystic Venus Anadyomene and her prosaic nineteenth-century surroundings. Ibsen the poet, the Ibsen of *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* we know, and Ibsen the sociologist we know; here he has attempted to "double" the two parts, with only half-success. Poetry and sociology will not, it seems, amalgamate. Taken as a fragment of sociology, the play suggests an alternative catastrophe to *A Doll's House*. Had Torvald Helmer, instead of expostulating when Nora threatened to leave him, politely replied, "Go by all means, my dear," opened the front door for her, and offered to assist her into the Scandinavian equivalent for a hansom, it is possible that she would have elected to stay at home. That is practically the procedure of the husband towards a wife of vagabond temper in many familiar pieces—in *Brutus, lâche César*, in *Divorçons*, in *La Petite Marquise;* but these are frivolous plays, and Ibsen (one must make his adversaries a present of this damaging admission) is nothing if not serious. Accordingly, the lady's roaming disposition is promoted to the dignity of a "craving for the vast and infinite," an "awakening and growing need for freedom." These are the fine phrases of her husband, who bids her choose "in freedom and on her own responsibility" between himself and the embodiment of "the vast and infinite"—a burly American sailor in knee-boots, who has exercised a mysterious fascination over the mermaid since, years before, he plighted his troth with her by flinging his ring, together with hers, into the sea. Thus presented with her freedom, the wife, mystic mermaid though she is, behaves precisely like the frivolous ladies in the Palais-Royal plays I have mentioned. "Freedom! Responsibility!" she says, "that transforms everything!" and, straightway casting off the American sailor and all the nostalgia of the sea which he had represented for her, she falls into her husband's arms, determined henceforth to be a land-animal and a good little mother to her grown-up step-daughters. As a contribution to the great Husband and Wife Question, the moral of the play will probably be claimed by both parties. It has the double charm of the famous impressionist picture in *La Cigale* (of Meilhac and Halévy, not Audran) which, according to the end you turned up, represented either a red sunset over a blue sea or the tawny desert under an azure sky. Wives with a velleity for emancipation will say that the play concedes the right of elopement. The husbands, unspeakable Turks to a man, will retort that the concession of the right destroys the sole motive for its exercise.

In any case, people with a keen scent for irony will be able to find what is ostensibly a serious sociological drama "full," like Jeames de la Pluche's conversation, "of lacy ally and easy plesntry." Two minor figures are genuinely comic. A boyish sculptor coolly asks a damsel to remain single, and "to think of him" sympathetically, during his 'prentice years. "It would help me so much, as an artist," he explains, "the knowledge that somewhere in the world a young, exquisite, silent woman is secretly dreaming of me; and she, having no special vocation in life, can so easily do it." Ultimate marriage with the exquisite and silent woman is no part of his scheme. "When I've made my way, she will be a bit too old for me, I fancy." Therefore, when she has duly encouraged his artistic development, she is to stand aside, that he may marry her younger sister. A characteristic touch of grim humour is added to this by the fact that the sculptor is, all unaware, dying of rapid consumption. Equally diverting in another way is the younger sister in question, who finds the sculptor's ignorance of his impending fate, the anticipation of wearing mourning for him, the bald spot on her tutor's head, and, indeed, every gruesome or trivial feature in the Cosmos, "fascinating." Compared with these subalterns, the major personages of the play are failures. The mermaid-wife and her Yankee merman are embodied dreams; and dreams (except when a Shakespeare dreams them o' Midsummer Nights) fade in the garish light of the stage. The husband I am prompted by the unspeakable Turk within me to call a poor hen-pecked creature. The tutor with the "fascinating" bald spot is a bore. No final judgment, however, can be pronounced on the play until it has been properly played. With every desire to recognise the excellent intentions of Miss Rose Meller and her companions at Terry's, one is unable to accept their performance as anything like an adequate representation of *The Lady from the Sea*. They are all too obtrusively—land-animals.

At the Lyceum we now have the light that never was on sea or land, the lime-light of Dumasian romance, in the revival of *The Corsican Brothers*, choke-full of ghosts, gory wounds, and such other grisly details as the younger Miss Wangel would certainly have found "fascinating." It is difficult to understand why ten years should have been allowed to elapse since the last production of this play at the Lyceum, for it gives freer scope than perhaps any other melodrama in the repertory of the theatre for two of Mr. Henry Irving's most conspicuous talents: his talent for stage "doubling," and his talent for stage management. The skill with which he marks the difference between Louis and Fabien dei Franchi, which is *ex hypothesi* precisely that 'twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee, is as great an achievement in one way as his setting of the Bal de l'Opéra and Fontainebleau scenes is in another. But he must have a care, lest his conscientious reproductions of Parisian frivolities shock the severe matrons (not all of whom, he should remember, are *nées* Hilda Wangel) in the Lyceum stalls. There is, for instance, a picture in the Baron de Montgiron's room which is dangerously like that "Venus and Adonis" which kept poor Mrs. Disraeli awake half the night in the task of preventing her husband looking at it. Mr. Terriss resumes his old part of Château-Renaud, with great advantage to the play. I know not which the more to admire, the cold-blooded ferocity with which Mr. Terriss wipes his rapier after slaying Brother Tweedledee or the hot-blooded ferocity with which Brother Tweedledum drives his broken weapon into the heart of Mr. Terriss. The D'Orsay dresses are all good, especially that of Mr. Haviland in the first act, which is a real triumph of sartorial archæology. Indeed, the whole performance of this absurd, bombastic, fee-faw-fum play is a thing of delight.

So will the performance of Miss Ellen Terry be, as the heroine of the little piece *Nance Oldfield* which precedes the melodrama, when the great actress of our own day is a little more perfect in the words set down for the great actress of Queen Anne's. There is a characteristically snarling passage in Swift's Journal to Stella about Mrs. Oldfield at a rehearsal of *Cato*. "We stood on the stage, and it was foolish enough to see the actors prompted every moment; and the lady" (Swift uses another word) "that acts Cato's daughter out in the midst of a passionate part, and then calling out 'What's next?'" On Tuesday night at the Lyceum we had, not the lady who acts Cato's daughter, but the lady who acts the lady who acted Cato's daughter, if not being prompted every moment, more than once asking "What's next?" This, no doubt, was to be set down to that first-night nervousness which sometimes attacks the finest artists more violently than their inferiors. The little play, which is sufficiently described as the second act of *David Garrick* with the sexes of the personages reversed, gives Miss Terry full opportunity of being her most engaging self, and Mr. Gordon Craig of proving the law of heredity by his over-lavish display of what may be called the Terry system of gesture. At present he acts too much with his hands, but still so as to let it be seen that he will by-and-by act with his head.

A. B. W.

CRICKET *FIN DE SIÈCLE.*

THE sporting journalist, who knows everything, has been heard to declare that popular interest in cricket is on the decline. The report is credible. The taste of the people is robust, and, as things stand, it is conceivable that the present state of the art and profession of cricket may well be distasteful to it. It is notorious that the game is becoming more and more a matter of finesse. *Fin de siècle* lies heavy on it—heavy as frost and deep almost as life. The veterans who still lag on the stage, as well as the veteran of veterans who most gallantly and stoutly figures on it, at once grey dean and fresh curate, colt and past-master, of his profession, represent a rapidly vanishing method. The prevailing batting style is Arthur Shrewsbury's, and the game played in this week's highly interesting match of North *v.* South is about as remote from the traditions dating from the earlier years of the Graces—when "W. G." was "becoming" and "Henry" and "E. M." "were"—as was the cricket of 1875 from that of 1815.

The old game—the good old game—was brilliant, dashing, forward and backward play, the motto of which was: "Hit everything that is not absolutely deadly, play hard forward, finesse back for singles and twos, and, above all, be picturesque and striking." This is the game that the greatest cricketer who ever lived, or is likely to live, plays in 1891, precisely as he played it in 1871, with the highly improper result that he to-day shares equally with Mr. Gladstone the reputation of being the greatest living Englishman. But then Dr. Grace is, as we have explained, no longer the accepted Master—to borrow a term from the Blavatsky cult. The shadow of Shrewsbury, the most patient, level-headed, and equable bat of the century, looms large in the view of the cricketer who looks at the game, as the Ibsenite regards the drama, as criticism of life. For a time the Notts professional, with his hard, sound, unenterprising ways, was a voice crying in the wilderness, and the gospel of "stonewalling" was preached to deaf ears. Finally, he found a convert in his colleague Gunn—Gunn, a man framed in the prodigality of Nature to be a perfect and unapproachable "slogger." William Gunn's conversion settled the business. Henceforth the motto has been, "Keep up your wicket and your average," and the Old Guard traditions of free hitting and vigorous mastery of the ball have been more and more slipping into disrepute in favour of the safer methods of scoring briskly only off harmless bowling. This week, for instance, it has been worth one's while to watch, in the instructive match between North and South, how veterans like Barnes, who in the old days never dreamed of playing wisely, and who as a result almost invariably played well, have fallen into the defensive style of batting. Even Maurice Read, the hero of many a reckless hundred, is tailing in with the Shrewsbury lead. The fact that "W. G." alone is unchanged is by no means imputed to him for righteousness. Why should he be hitting fours when the Shrewsbury manual clearly enjoins a safe "poke" for nothing? Why should he make runs, as M. Jourdain made passes, regardless of the rules of the game? The young man from the pavilion, with his eye-glass on his mother age—his grandmother age—asks these questions in all seriousness, and getting no answer from the sixpenny benches, naturally concludes that cricket is going to the dogs.

The plain fact about it is that it is really suffering from the over-carefulness of the professional, cumbered, like Martha, with the care of much serving a fickle public. With increasing competition from young players, it is essential that the veterans should do all they know, and should never suffer juvenile dash to get the better of the trained instinct of a batsman with an experience stretching over a decade of the best bowling in England and Australia. The inevitable result, however, is happening. The diminishing attendance at Rylott's benefit match, played on a gorgeous May day, with the help of the most accomplished performers in England, is an ominous sign that if cricket is to lose the practised recklessness of other days, it will drop out of its place as the first of English sports.

THE WEEK.

A CERTAIN barrister of some note, who makes about a thousand a year by his novels and stories in addition to his professional earnings, is said to have filled up his last income-tax schedule as follows: Profession, Law—so much; Trade, Literature—so much. True or not, we are here face to face with one fact which has been recognised ever since the opening of Grub Street, and with another not perhaps so generally known. That literature, or rather writing, for nearly two hundred years now, has been followed as a trade by hosts of needy or prosperous scholars and others, all the world knows. Does it know also that those who take cheerfully to writing as a trade, and nothing else, are often the very men who, from their circumstances, might be expected to produce literature? The ever-increasing numbers, ambitious of literary distinction, who flock to London yearly, to become hacks and journalists, regard the work by which they gain a livelihood as a mere industry, a stepping-stone to higher things—alas! a stepping-stone on which the great majority of them have to maintain a precarious footing all their lives. But they do not choose the inferior work that pays: they offer, or they think they offer, the public, through the publishers, bread; but the public—still the thought of the hack—wants stones, and these they are forced sorrowfully to supply. What wonder if they sometimes take to laying about them with scorpions! And what wonder if they often accept their fate and become fat and flourishing!

IN most cases it is the men with some leisure and sufficient, if not large, incomes who deliberately choose to produce stories. Being well-to-do, they appreciate the value of money more than the hack, and are consequently utterly indifferent to the quality of their work so long as it suits the popular purse. If the public will have chicory instead of coffee, what concern is that of theirs? "Literature *is* a trade," they say; "because we follow it, and make it pay too." To them a syllogism is only a figure of speech to be mixed, like metaphors, and "exhibited" when required.

PUBLISHING, also, has become a trade—"the trade," in fact. It was once an art; and most publishers try to combine the two interests. To the list of London publishers who endeavour to maintain artistic traditions is now to be added a new house—that of MESSRS. LAWRENCE & BULLEN, of New Bond Street. All lovers of literature owe a debt of gratitude to MR. BULLEN for the "rich and various gems" which he has gathered from the "inlaid bosom" of Elizabethan poetry. A publisher who would make his business an art must be a critic, a qualification which MR. BULLEN possesses in a high degree. It is said that his partner, MR. LAWRENCE, is also a keen critic of painting and drawing, as well as of literature, and an adept in all the mysteries of the art he has chosen to follow. To publish nothing altogether unworthy of the name of literature, and nothing in a style unbecoming good work, is a high aim. Lovers of literature will wish MESSRS. LAWRENCE & BULLEN all success, and watch their career with interest.

THE other week we were inclined to assent to TOURGÉNIEFF'S dictum that one cannot have a style

in two languages. An achievement of MADAME DARMESTETER'S (MARY ROBINSON) in the current number of the *Revue Bleue* goes far to make us change our minds. "Les Ballades de la Dauphine, Marguérite d'Écosse," a story of the time of Charles VII., written in what is much more than a colourable imitation of antique French, is really a marvel. We all knew MADAME DARMESTETER'S intimate acquaintance with French history and literature; but it was impossible to imagine that she could sing so well in English, and tell a story so quaintly in French. The story purports to be the narrative of Perrette de Villequier regarding the illness and death of MARGARET, that daughter of JAMES I. of Scotland who had the misfortune to marry the Dauphin, afterwards LOUIS XI. The refusal of MARGARET on her death-bed to forgive the man whom God hates is powerfully dramatic.

OPINION in France regarding the greatest French ecclesiastic, BOSSUET, has passed through many fluctuations. "There are three kinds of reasoning, or rather of resounding" (Il y a trois sortes de raisonnements, ou plutôt de résonnements) said the ABBÉ GALIANI. "The clattering of pots, which is the commonest; the ding-dong of bells, like the eloquence of BOSSUET and ROUSSEAU; and lastly, the profound common-sense of men like VOLTAIRE, BUFFON, and DIDEROT": a remark which states fairly the general estimate of BOSSUET in the eighteenth century. Under the First Empire there was a revival of interest in his style, but his matter was considered inferior. Towards 1825 the religious policy of the Restoration Government gave his writings a certain vogue for some months, but by 1827 critics were doubting his power as a dialectician, and finding him a sublime orator, who had never said anything of true import—an opinion which continued until the present day. It is true, SAINTE-BEUVE praised him, but with a grudge; he called him "the prophet of things that have happened."

THE rehabilitation of BOSSUET, to which the writings of MM. FLOQUET, GANDAR, and others contributed, may be said to have been completed by the publication of M. G. LANSON'S "Bossuet" (LECÈNE ET OUDIN), in which the author endeavours to show that, without sharing BOSSUET'S faith, one can appreciate his veracity, and power as a thinker. The absurd prejudice which made him out to be a mere bigot and orator may now be deemed at an end; and while he ranks as the foremost Catholic apologist of Christianity, he has also a right to a place among the chief thinkers—cleric or lay—of modern times.

IN literature, as in art, *genre* always tends to deteriorate into caricature. Some years ago French writers of character-studies made the discovery that good-natured ignoramuses, hare-brains, and other delightful people of both sexes, who start talking without knowing whether they have anything to say or not, speak in a most elliptical fashion, lopping off both the heads and the tails of their phrases. GYP was the first to popularise this style of dialogue, and M. HENRI LAVEDAN has carried it to its limit, especially in his last book, "La Haute" (KOLB), a volume of short but brilliant and suggestive dialogues and stories, containing much caustic criticism of the manners and morals of the day.

THE French, with their charming *insouciance* in the matter of English orthography, spell the name of the newest associate of the Académie des Inscriptions MR. "WITHLLEY" STOKES. MR. STOKES is the successor of M. DE MIKLOSICH, recently deceased. M. DE MIKLOSICH was a philologist, a notable authority on Slavonic dialects.

No more tastefully bound books are issued from the English press at present than those that bear the imprint of MR. DAVID STOTT. His "Masterpieces of Foreign Authors," considering the price, is almost a unique series. The most recent addition to this important library is entitled "Portraits of Women," being translations from SAINTE-BEUVE by HELEN STOTT.

THE surrender of Cape Colony to the British forces in 1795 brought together two branches of the same race, for conquerors and conquered were of one stock—the north Netherlanders, of all Europeans, being closest in blood to the English. To this fact the languages bear testimony; and every schoolboy now knows the philological rhyme—

> "Good *butter* and good *cheese*
> Are good English and good Fries."

So many and interesting are the changes that have taken place in the neighbourhood of the Cape since 1795 that MR. GEORGE MCCALL THEAL has been able to write a bulky octavo volume, entitled "The History of South Africa" (SONNENSCHEIN), dealing with events from the date of the British conquest till 1834.

ANTHOLOGIES of contemporary poetry seem to be in fashion. MR. G. B. ROBERTS has made a selection from the works of "Younger American Poets" (GRIFFITH, FARRAN), which includes over a hundred names. Some Canadian poetry is given, of which that in French is specially interesting. LOUIS FRECHETTE supplies a poem on "Le Drapeau Anglais." It begins—

> "Regarde, me disait mon père,
> Ce drapeau vaillamment porté;
> Il a fait ton pays prospère,
> Et respecte ta liberté.
> C'est le drapeau de l'Angleterre" . . .

Anyone who does not experience at least a slight thrill on reading these lines—a celebration of the English flag in the French language—must be somewhat callous.

IS LEMPRIERE at last to be superseded? The "Dictionary of Classical Antiquities" which MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN issue in a popular style is founded on a work by DR. OSKAR SEYFFERT, of Berlin. DR. SEYFFERT'S book has attained a wide circulation in Germany, and if good editing—by MESSRS. H. NETTLESHIP and J. E. SANDYS—attractive binding, clear type, and artistic illustrations count for anything, LEMPRIERE may well turn in his grave.

MR. ALLAN PARK PATON, one of the most enthusiastic students of SHAKESPEARE in the country, has resumed the publication of his "Hamnet Shakspere." The main feature of MR. PATON'S edition is the reproduction of the capitals scattered throughout the text of the folios, which MR. PATON maintains were neither accidental, nor customary in the printing of the time, but marked in SHAKESPEARE'S manuscript by himself in order to teach the actors the emphatic words. The two new numbers of MR. PATON'S very interesting edition are Volumes VIII. and IX., containing *Othello* and *Antony and Cleopatra*. The first MR. PATON prefaces with some characteristic "remarks on passages" unnecessarily altered in many editions; and the second contains some "notices of strange press matters in the Shakspere Folios." Part X. will be *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. MR. WILLIAM HUTCHISON, of Greenock, is the publisher.

A SECOND edition of MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S "Coming Terror" appears with a "note" by the author, in which that gentleman, after mentioning

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

the *Times*, *Observer*, and SPEAKER, adds, "Altogether I have to congratulate myself on a fair measure of old-fashioned abuse." But MR. BUCHANAN is not wholly in the self-complacent mood. He is angry at any allusion having been made to his temper, and assures the world—with quite unnecessary emphasis—that he is "a singularly calm person" who writes "quite coolly and good-humouredly." We take note of his statement, which furnishes fresh evidence of the fact that the style is not the man.

THREE popular works are issued this week by MESSRS. SEELEY & CO. "New China and Old," by the VEN. ARTHUR E. MOULE, B.D.; "Achievements in Engineering," by L. F. VERNON-HARCOURT; and "The Arab and the African," by DR. S. TRISTRAM PRUEN. All three are capitally printed and profusely illustrated.

THERE has been more delay than was anticipated in the preparation of the "Guide-book to Books," owing to the peculiar difficulties of compiling a work of this nature, but it is now ready, and will be published by MR. HENRY FROWDE in the course of two or three weeks. The number of books on all subjects recommended in the "Guide" is about six thousand, and these have been carefully selected by more than a hundred specialists, many of them of the highest eminence. The "Guide-book" is arranged alphabetically by subjects, and gives, in addition to the titles of the books, the prices, and in many cases brief descriptive notes. It thus attempts to supply just that information about the books best worth consulting, which has hitherto only been obtainable by personal application to an expert. The editors are MR. E. B. SARGANT and MR. BERNHARD WHISHAW.

"THERE is no escape from the calamities we bring upon ourselves." Why, then, did MR. FENTON, knowing this, and quoting it on the fly-leaf of his pamphlet, call the poem it contains "Dora"? One might as well call a new play *Hamlet*. MR. ELLIOT STOCK is the publisher, and he also issues another volume of verse this week with a much better title, "Weeds from a Wild Garden." The author's name is not given.

THE fiction of the week includes, in three volumes, "The Hermit of Crizebeck" (HURST & BLACKETT), by HENRY CRESSWELL, and "Someone Must Suffer" (CHAPMAN), by H. CLIFFE HALLIDAY; and in one, "The Smuggler's Secret" (BLACKETT), by FRANK BARRETT; "Sir George," by FLORENCE HENNIKER (BENTLEY); "The Girl he did not Marry" (HUTCHINSON), by IZA DUFFUS HARDY; "The Prince and the Page" (MACMILLAN), by CHARLOTTE M. YONGE; "Eric Brighteyes" (MACMILLAN), by H. RIDER HAGGARD; and "Amaryllis," by "Georgios Drosines," the new volume of MR. FISHER UNWIN'S "Pseudonym Library."

IT is to be feared that the public has learned to regard announcements of the farewell appearances of MR. SIMS REEVES with a certain measure of incredulity. Such announcements have been frequent enough for nearly half a score of years past to justify an incredulous world in receiving them with comparative indifference. But we fear that at last a real farewell has been taken of the public by one of its favourite servants, and that after last Monday night we shall never again see MR. SIMS REEVES occupying his old position on platform or stage. His farewell concert in the Albert Hall was a genuine triumph, graced by the presence of the Heir-Apparent and of representatives of all classes of that public which has so long admired him and enjoyed his exceptional gifts. A career of more than fifty years as a public singer is, we imagine, unique in the history of popular vocalism. There is no need to say that MR. SIMS REEVES has deserved well of his fellow-countrymen, and we can only hope that in his retirement he will be able to enjoy substantial fruits of their gratitude.

MR. G. R. SIMS tells a pathetic little story in the *Referee* of how he met the other day an old friend of his whom he had not seen for twenty years, and this friend not only showed himself to be entirely ignorant of MR. SIMS'S success as a dramatist and journalist, but declared that he had repeatedly endeavoured to find out what he was doing during the last ten years, and had never been able to learn anything about him. The "littleness of fame" has thus been brought home even to so eminent a person as "Dagonet." He must console himself with the reflection that he is not the only man of eminence who has had to learn how limited is even the most widespread popularity. The other day the wife of a veteran novelist whose name is familiar to the whole reading world, received a visit from an old servant who had lived in the family some thirty years ago. The good woman explained that, having lost all trace of her old master and mistress, she had long been seeking to discover them, but had been unable to do so until she saw chance mention of the novelist in a penny weekly paper which occasionally gives its readers some personal particulars regarding eminent men. Week by week the novelist's name appears in some of the most widely circulated of our journals; day by day it is to be seen on every railway bookstall in the United Kingdom, and the advertising columns of the newspapers are seldom without it. But all this meant nothing to the good lady who was looking for her old master and mistress. It was only when a copy of *Answers* fell into her hands that at last a fame which its possessor might reasonably have regarded as world-wide, penetrated to her modest home.

THE AUSTRALASIAN FEDERAL CONVENTION.

MELBOURNE, March 30th.

THE Federal Convention has adjourned for an Easter recess, after agreeing to some terribly vague propositions in favour of unity, and elaborating the rough draft of a Constitution, which is to be discussed when the members assemble again. So far, I am afraid it must be said that the debates have been very disappointing to the general public. Nearly three weeks have been wasted in speeches, which were mostly well-informed and not unworthy of the subject, but which were evidently addressed to distant constituents though they were delivered to the Convention. Sir Henry Parkes and that portion of the press which insisted upon the debates being in public are altogether responsible for this waste of time; and the worst of it is that the time has not only been lost but has been employed in the creation of new difficulties. For instance, Western Australia, which owes its new Constitution very much to the zeal with which its neighbours backed it in Downing Street, and whose capital is at the mercy of any enemy who can disembark five hundred men, is trying to stipulate for connection with the other capitals by a railway 1,250 miles long, as the price of its very unimportant adhesion. The railway is bound to be constructed some day; but, of course, if Western Australia with its forty thousand people is to be bribed at the expense of a heavy charge on the Federal tax-payer, communities like those of Victoria and New South Wales may advance claims which the credit of the whole continent could not support. Meanwhile, every politician has chanted a pæan of praise to the abstract

conception of a united Australia, and can go back and boast that he was heartily in favour of federation, but would not sacrifice the rights of his own colony to the most magnificent of abstract ideas.

My forecast of events has been substantially verified. I told you that neither Free Trade nor the choice of a capital would prove any real difficulty, but that sooner or later the question of State boundaries would come to the front. Free Trade has been even more easily disposed of than I thought possible. Our neighbours are thorough converts to the success of Protection in Victoria, and it is understood that not even a term of suspense will be asked for, and that the Federal Administration is to begin work with free trade between all the colonies and the Victorian tariff made absolute against the outer world! Need I tell you that some of our extreme Protectionists are not content even with this. They foresee that whatever tariff is adopted in the first instance may be, and probably will be, altered in the not very distant future to suit other interests. However, the gain to Victoria of having the Australian market closed to foreign manufactures and open without restriction to her own is so enormous that public opinion in this colony will not reject the present advantage for the sake of any distant contingencies. As for the question of the capital, it has by general consent been put aside. Mr. Dibbs, the almost avowed dis-Unionist of the Convention, tried to make it an embarrassment by declaring that the new metropolis must positively be Sydney, "favoured by nature, favoured by the great Creator himself." Mr. Dibbs and his heroics were smiled at, and the first Federal Parliament will probably be left free to decide where it is to meet. The claims of Melbourne and Sydney are so equal, except for climate, that it will be difficult to choose either, and some inland and fairly central town seems likely to be preferred.

The question of State boundaries has not come up in that form; but the determination of the colonies with large areas and small populations to preserve their present boundaries or get more than their present voting power has been the source of all the difficulties that have troubled the Convention. The first resolution proposed by Sir Henry Parkes opened with the words "that the powers and privileges and territorial rights of the several existing colonies shall remain intact." This is explained to mean that no colony is to gain at the expense of its neighbours: that Broken Hill, for instance, is not to secede from New South Wales and join itself to Victoria or South Australia; and to this there can be no great objection. The words, however, may be taken to imply that Broken Hill and the adjoining territory shall not be allowed to form a new State; and the members who have tried to get this point set clear have been met so far with evasive generalities. Meanwhile, the struggle has been on the question whether the Senate—in which the colonies as now constituted are all to have an equal voice—is to have the powers of the American Senate or only those of the English House of Lords. Liberals contend that if the Senate may amend Money Bills, it will gradually become the more powerful of the two Chambers, and that from its constitution it will always be dangerously Conservative. What we apprehend is that the Senate may throw the whole machinery of administration out of gear, by tampering with the tariff or refusing necessary supplies, if it is a question of breaking up an overgrown colony or of prohibiting coloured immigration. Even if these great difficulties do not occur, we do not wish the representatives of four States, containing not one-third of our population, to have the virtual control of Federal finance. These objections are so reasonable that they have actually triumphed on the Committee appointed to draft the Constitution; but it is supposed that their recommendations will be reversed in Committee of the whole House.

We are not yet at the end of Unionist troubles. The shearers are at issue with the sheep-farmers in North Queensland over the question of free labour, and have formed large camps, and committed some outrages upon property. If, as they assert, the employers are trying to bring in coolie labour, public sympathy will in the long run be with the shearers; but the squatters indignantly deny that they are bringing in Chinamen or Kanakas, or seeking to reduce wages. It is safest to suspend judgment. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to see that the Queensland Government is acting with great vigour, and is supported by the mass of the population in its determination to maintain order.

THE DIFFICULT SON.

"BILL'S come back, I hear."

The tin-smith was sharpening his pocket-knife on the parapet of the bridge and, without troubling to lift his eyes, threw just enough interrogation into the remark to show that he meant it to lead to conversation. Every one of the dozen men around him held a knife, so that a stranger, crossing the bridge, might have suspected a popular rising in the little town. But, as a matter of fact, they were merely waiting for their turn. There is in the parapet one stone upon which knives may be sharpened to an incomparable edge; and, for longer than I can remember, this has supplied the townsfolk with the necessary excuse for putting their heads together on fine evenings and discussing the news.

"Ay, he's back."

"Losh, uncle, I'd no idea you was there," said the tin-smith, wheeling round. "And how's your lad looking?"

"Tolerable—tolerable. 'A's got a black suit, my sonnies, an' a soft hat that looks large on the head, but can be folded and stowed in your tail pocket, should that be wished—and a white tie complete." Complacency shone over the speaker's shrivelled cheeks, and beamed from his horn-spectacles. "You can tell en at a glance for a Circuit-man and no common Rounder."

"'A's fully knowledgeable by all accounts—learnt out, they tell me."

"You shall hear en for yourselves at meeting to-morrow. He conducts both services. Now don't tempt me any more, that's good souls: for when he'd no sooner set foot in th' house and kissed his mother than he had us all down on our knees giving hearty thanks in the most beautiful language, I said to myself 'many's the time I've had two minds about the whack of money spent in making ye a better man than your father; but fare thee well, doubt—I don't begrudge it, an' that's flat.'"

A small girl came running down the street to the bridge-end.

"Uncle Fryer," she panted, "your tall son—Mr. William—said I was to run down and fetch 'ee home at once."

"Nothin' wrong with en, I hope?"

"I think he's going to hold a prayer."

The little man looked at the blade of his knife for a moment, half regretfully: then briskly clasped it, slipped it into his pocket and hobbled away after the messenger.

The white-washed front of the Meeting House was bathed, next evening, with soft sunset yellow when Mr. Fryer, the elder, stole down the stairs between the exhortations, as his custom was, and stood bareheaded in the doorway respiring the cool air. As a deacon he temperately used the privileges of his office, and one of these was a seat next the door. The Meeting House was really no more than a room—a long upper chamber over a store; and its stairway descended into the street so sharply that it was possible, even for a short-armed man, to sit on the lowest step and shake hands with a friend in the street.

The roadway was deserted for a while. Across

the atmosphere there reigned that hush which people wonder at on Sundays, forgetting that nature is always still and that nine-tenths of the week's hubbub is made by man. Down the pale sky came a swallow, with another in chase: their wings were motionless as they swept past the doorway, but the air whizzed with the speed of their flight, and in a moment was silent again. Then from the upper room a man's voice began to roar out upon the stillness. It roared, it broke out in thick sobs that shook the closed windows in their fastenings, it wrestled with emotion for utterance and overcoming it, rose into a bellow again; but whether it soared or was depressed, the strain upon it was never relaxed. Uncle Fryer, listening to his son, felt an oppression of his own chest and drew his breath uneasily.

The tin-smith came round the corner and halted by the door.

"That son o' yours is a boundless man," he observed with an upward nod.

"How did he strike ye this mornin'?"

"I don't remember to ha' been so powerfully moved in my life. Perhaps you and me bein' cronies for thirty year', and he your very son, may have helped to the more effectooal working, but be that as it may, I couldn't master my dinner afterwards and that's the trewth. Ah, he's a man, Uncle: and there's no denyin' we wanted one o' the right slam-cum-thunder sort to awaken us to a fit sense. Losh, what a dido he do make, to be sure!"

The tin-smith shifted his footing uneasily as if he had something to add.

"I hope you won't think it onneighbourly or disrespectful that I didn' come agen this evenin'," he begun, after a pause.

"Not at all, Jem, not at all."

"Because, you see——"

"Yes, yes, I quite see."

"I wouldn' have ye think—but there, I'm powerful glad you see." His face cleared. "Good evenin' to ye, Uncle!"

He went on with a brisker step, while Uncle Fryer drew a few more lingering breaths and climbed the stairs again to the close air of the meeting-room.

"I'm afraid, father, that something in my second exhortation displeased you," said the Rev. William Fryer as he walked home from service between his parents. He was a tall fellow with a hatchet-shaped face and eyes set rather closely together.

"Not at all, my son. What makes ye deem it?" The little man tilted back his bronzed top-hat and looked up nervously.

"Because you went out in the middle of service."

"'Tis but father's habit, William," old Mrs. Fryer made haste to explain, laying a hand on his arm. She was somewhat stouter of build and louder of voice than her husband, but stood in just the same awe of her son. "He's done it regular since he was appointed deacon."

"Why?" asked William stonily.

Uncle Fryer pulled off his hat to extract a red handkerchief from its crown, removed his spectacles, and wiped them hurriedly.

"Them little boys," he stammered, "be so troublesome round the door—occasion'lly, that is."

"Was that so to-night?"

"No—o."

"But you were absent at least twenty minutes—all through the silent prayer and half-way through the third exhortation." He gazed sternly at the amiable old man. "You didn't hear me treat that difficulty in Colossians, two, twenty to twenty-three? I would like, if you have time, to discuss it with you after private worship, to-night. If I can make you see it in what I am sure is the right light it will lead you to think more seriously of the glass of beer which you assert to be necessary with your supper."

It is but a fortnight since the Rev. William Fryer came home; but in that fortnight his father and mother have aged ten years. The old man, when I took him my watch to regulate the other day—for on week-days he is a watchmaker—began to ask questions, as eagerly as a child, about the town news. It turned out that, for a whole week, he had not been down to sharpen his knife upon the bridge. He has given up his glass of beer, too, and altogether the zeal of his house is eating him up.

This morning the new minister climbed into the van with his carpet-bag. He is off to some Conference or other and will be back again the day after to-morrow. Ten minutes after he had gone his father and mother shut up the shop and went out together. It was pitiful to see their fumbling joy as they helped one another to put up the shutters. They locked the door and hurried down the street arm in arm.

Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE LIBERAL POSITION.

SIR,—The "little election" is over, with a balance of result against us. The slender success in Suffolk, the ampler yet not overwhelming victory at Market Harborough, leave unimpaired the conviction which some of us, widely familiar with the constituencies, had earlier entertained, that there is an ebb in the flowing tide. It is not that the tired waves have vainly broken against Bassetlaw, Aston, Woodstock, Whitehaven, South Dorset, while in electoral England generally the main comes flooding us; that would have been true, a year ago, it is not true to-day. For the first time since the Spalding election the Liberal trumpet gives an uncertain sound, the constituencies are languid, the leaders are disheartened.

Two spells have been effectively wielded by Liberal platform speakers during the last four years—Home Rule and the Grand Old Man. Both these spells have lost their charm. The first was broken in December by the Parnell disaster, at the moment when, through lapse of time, familiarity with Irish misrule threatened to subside into indifference, the united Irish party ceased to be, and Irish orators, preoccupied with internecine quarrel, deserted English platforms. The sentiment of Gladstone-worship was a complicated one. Admiration for a marvellous octogenarian, reverence for a stainless life, homage to progressive leadership in the past rather than in the present, loyalty to the champion of nationality, sympathy with a chief deserted and betrayed by his lieutenants, accumulated a fund of devotion, personal, enthusiastic, in the main unreasoning. Such a feeling is liable to reaction, and the reaction has begun. With the social programme foremost at the present in men's minds Mr. Gladstone is believed to entertain no sympathy; and the shifting of political perspective through the Irish collapse has generated a growing consciousness that the dissolution of 1886 upon the undeveloped Irish question was a gigantic tactical mistake, and that the return to power of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet as in that year constituted, though without the Unionist malcontents, would disappoint the expectation of the electorate, and permanently lower the reputation of Liberalism.

The authorised programme is obsolete; its details are insufficient or they are vague. It was inadequate in 1885. Had Mr. Chamberlain at that time championed his own more advanced proposals, accepting Home Rule as an ultimate necessity, but refusing to join a Government which postponed to it the social question, he would have won something more than the reversion of the Leadership; it was not his opposition to the Irish Bill, but his subsequent Toryism and the personal spitefulness, which paralysed his statesmanship, that have fixed between himself and Radicalism an impassable gulf. Since then, the political Sibyl has condensed her wares and raised their price. Land nationalisation, labour legislation, education not free only but prolonged and technical, abolition of county magistrates and boards of guardians, Parish Councils, Disestablishment of all State Churches, restriction of public expenditure, manhood suffrage, payment of members, ending—not mending—of the House of Lords, are propounded before countless audiences, and received with passionate enthusiasm. Counsels of perfection some of these may be, their achievement assignable to the not immediate future; but they indicate the lines along which political aspiration is moving, they dwarf into ludicrous insignificance the crumbs of so-called Liberalism which fall from official tables.

And if the artisan is in revolt, the agricultural labourers are paralysed. The wave of 1885 lifted them to a strange height of political hopefulness and courage. They defied the covert threats of their employers and the blind mouths of their spiritual guides; for they saw in Radical supremacy a millennium of parish councils and allotments; competency, leisure, domestic and industrial independence; the broken yoke of squire, parson, farmer; they believed their vote to be secret, and they gave it

with fearless unanimity. Six months passed; the measures for which they had fought and triumphed were flung aside as secondary, the majority they had created was squandered on a question which they did not understand and which had never been presented to them as important; they saw their tyrants once again supreme; they were discreetly yet severely punished for their rebellion. To-day, when eloquent reformers preach to them of social revolution, they receive the message with pathetic incredulity; they reason logically from the betrayal of five years ago; they will yield to pressure at the polls or stay away from voting.

Liberals boast the possession of machinery at once prophetic and practical; they have leaders whose task is utterance, and a federation whose final cause is organisation; but the leaders do not utter and the Federation does not organise. The front bench oracles are dumb, and out of nine million adult workers only two millions have learnt the art of common action. And so the gathering fury of the labour masses is becoming dangerous in proportion as it is aimless, and the tone of the labour leader is more and more distinctly anti-Parliamentarian; for to those who know the facts, and can discern their import, doubt as to the result of a general election is subordinate to the fear that a Liberal victory would be prejudicial to national emancipation.

I speak from large experience when I say that this fear is widely spreading, and I write to convey alarm rather than to indicate policy. In condensing the allegory of Pandora's household, the scholar is wont to reserve his admiration for the god-like brother's prescience and to underrate as void the keen but fruitless aftersight of the unprophetic husband. Yet clear vision of the past is essential to manipulation of the future, and in the hope that I may bring a Prometheus into the field, I limit myself for the present to the humbler part of

EPIMETHEUS.

[WHILST we print this letter, we need hardly say that we agree neither with the writer's view of the existing situation nor with his deductions. The "little election" seems to us to have proved exactly the opposite of the contention of Epimetheus, and his opinions regarding Home Rule and Mr. Gladstone are not those which are held by any considerable body of Liberals; but it is well that a grumbler, however unreasonable he may be, should be allowed to ventilate his grievances, so we print this letter.—ED. SPEAKER.]

THE CAUSE OF THE CHILDREN.

SIR,—In your article of 9th inst. on Mr. Matthews' Factory Act, you say that my report shows that the twelve-year-old minimum is already in force in France.

Now, at the only place in the report (viz., p. 66) where I have touched on this subject, I have said that in the case of France this minimum is subject to "some exceptions." Will you, therefore, in your next issue kindly add this reservation, and oblige

Yours faithfully, FREDK. H. WHYMPER.

Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, May 11th, 1891.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, May 15th, 1891.

THE use of mixed metaphor would seem, like fame, to be the last infirmity of noble minds, for there are well-known instances of it in Shakespeare; but it may be found with equal ease in Longfellow; and even the worst of us are not free from it. Indeed, there are some authors in whom its use seems to form almost their only claim to attention. I find it everywhere. I begin at times—on days when the sky is overcast and the spirit of rebellion wakes in a man—to ask myself if it would be quite as wicked as some critics seem to believe, to go away somewhere and use a mixed metaphor.

One expects the fault—if it is a fault—in oratory. There is some excuse for the curate who said that he could trace in our national history the footprints of an unseen hand, or for the other curate who prayed that if there were a spark in his congregation it might please Providence to water that spark. But when we find a similar mixture in premeditated writings, are we to call it a fault? It occurs so frequently that it is difficult to believe it to be a virtue.

Even the critics of the critics have it. In the preface to a novel which appeared some little time ago, critics were compared to fledgling mosquitoes running amuck with pens in their hands. This did not seem to be felicitous. But on the other hand, I turn to the *New Review* for this month, to try to learn something of the "Science of Criticism," and Mr. Henry James commences his article as follows:—

"If literary criticism may be said to flourish among us at all, it certainly flourishes immensely, for it flows through the periodical press like a river that has burst its dykes."

This is a mixed metaphor, but of a different class. Mr. Henry James does not write at hazard. The word "flourish," as a matter of fact, has almost ceased to be a metaphorical word; it has had nearly all that sense taken out of it by constant wear.

There are some expressions which must always be metaphorical, but which have got past their work. Yet we will not let them be; we still meet the "oasis in the desert" and "the iron hand in the velvet glove." In an evening newspaper for last Monday I marked one note—just one note. It told us that in most of his Sunday speeches Mr. Parnell "put a little sting in the tail" for certain people; in the next line it said that on the day before he had "hit the nail on the head;" not yet exhausted, it went on to tell us what an Irish agitator might be trusted to oppose "tooth and nail." Of course, such notes have to be written or dictated hurriedly; but why should they not be quite simple? An ornamental phrase that has ceased to please has begun to displease.

Many of the commonest of these metaphorical expressions are peculiarly nauseous when one comes to think of them. Do we ever think what the words mean when we accuse one man of taking the bread out of another's mouth; or when we say that the man who discovers an injustice puts his finger on the sore; or when we describe an increasing evil as coming to a head? If humanity will not make us leave these overworked expressions alone, surely ordinary decency might forbid us to use them.

Hardly less nauseous, though not very common, were the similes which Mr. Hall Caine sometimes employed in "The Bondman" to help us to picture Icelandic scenery. Mr. Baring Gould in his last novel seems to have followed the example: "Why the peat is so near cleft is hard to say; there is no running water in the gashes, which in many cases go down to the white granite like the fissures in the body of a leper that in places disclose the bone." Comparatively pleasant, after this, is Q.'s description of "a forsaken road, running along the shoulder of a high down, which it scars like a half-healed cut."

When one has buried the commonplace, it seems a pity to fill up the vacancy from the hospital or the leper-island. It is so easy to be impressive in this way; the truth of such a simile does not in the least excuse it: nor do I think that it can be excused by the fact that there are similes not less unpleasant to be found in the Bible.

I came across a passage in Schopenhauer the other day, where he says that "sentences rich in involved parentheses" are like "roast geese stuffed with apples." The comparison does not throw much light on the thing compared, but it seems to throw more on Schopenhauer. It is inevitable that we should wonder if Schopenhauer was particularly fond of this delicacy, if he had been having it recently, if he was hoping for it, or if he was only fearing it. The interest which begins with the table of the great, by the way, often goes no further. I have, for instance, been told authoritatively that the Queen likes cold mutton, by people who could not explain to me the advantages of a limited monarchy. If a man has only read one of Charles Lamb's Essays, it is generally "A

Dissertation upon Roast Pig." A man once complained to me that he had read no English History since his childhood, and that he could only remember two things now which he had read then. One was that someone had died from a surfeit of lampreys; the other was that someone else either was drowned, or wanted to be drowned, in a butt of Malmsey wine. He could not remember the names in either case. He asked me why this was, but I hardly liked to tell him.

Perhaps, in the above instance, Schopenhauer took his comparison from the first thing which occurred to his mind; in ordinary speech one's comparisons are mostly suggested by something that meets the eye. "No, 'tis not so deep as a well," says Mercutio of his wound, "nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve." It was noticed when *Romeo and Juliet* was produced at the Lyceum that Mr. Irving made the scene give point to these comparisons. B. E. O. P.

REVIEWS.

DR. LIGHTFOOT'S "APOSTOLIC FATHERS."

THE APOSTOLIC FATHERS. Part I. S. Clement of Rome: A Revised Text, with Introductions, Notes, Dissertations, and Translations. By the late J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., Bishop of Durham. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

THIS re-issue of a part of the late Bishop of Durham's edition of "The Apostolic Fathers" is devoted to Clement of Rome and Hippolytus of Portus. The matter relating to the first of these Fathers, includes, first, an essay on the life and writings of Clement, remarks on the manuscripts and versions of his works, an essay on the succession of the first bishops of Rome, in which the earliest lists, the Eusebian and Liberian Catalogues, and the "Liber Pontificalis" (which used to pass under the name of Anastasius, the papal librarian of the ninth century, but the earlier parts of which have been for some time past admitted to be long prior to that century), are critically examined; prolegomena dealing with the famous Epistle of the Romans to the Corinthians, and the other letters ascribed to S. Clement; the Greek text, with notes and translations, of the Epistle of the Romans to the Corinthians, and of the so-called Second Epistle of S. Clement. Then come a series of discussions bearing on the life and writings of Hippolytus, in which this mysterious and interesting figure is examined from many points of view, and much incidental light thrown on the history of the Roman Church in the beginning of the third century. Finally, we have two unfinished essays on S. Peter in Rome and on the so-called Epistle of Barnabas. The two volumes are printed as Dr. Lightfoot left them at his death, with a short and touching preface by Dr. Westcott, his successor in the See of Durham, and an excellent index by Mr. Harmer, one of his Cambridge disciples.

The superlative excellence of Dr. Lightfoot's treatment of the early Fathers has been so fully acknowledged for many years, as well by Continental as by English men of learning, that no further tribute to his greatness is needed. In accuracy, in acuteness, in painstaking industry, in soundness of judgment, in fairness of mind, few Biblical scholars have equalled, and probably none have surpassed him. The simplicity, the beauty, and the earnestness of his character are reflected in his writings no less than in the administrative work to which his later years were chiefly devoted. Those who feel how incomparably more important in our time is the work of the theological scholar than the work of the bishop, no small part of the latter being almost mechanical, may regret that the labours of those ten years at Durham, by which his life was doubtless shortened, have deprived us of much which no one else can so well give. But they will appreciate the love for learning and devotion to his chief duty in life which led Dr. Lightfoot, even during these over-busy years, to reserve a portion of his time for the revision and completion of his editions of Clement, Ignatius, and Polycarp.

The essays contained in the present volume are full of matter interesting to the historian no less than to the theologian. Space permits us to advert to one point only, as being one which appeals to others besides theologians and historians. It is the question of the relation of the Apostle Peter to Rome. Dr. Lightfoot cites the various testimonies from ancient writers to the teaching of this Apostle in Rome and his martyrdom there. The earlier of these testimonies, belonging to the immediately post-apostolic age, are somewhat vague; and though they are most easily explained by taking their authors to refer to S. Peter as one of the founders of the Church in Rome, they do not necessarily and directly convey this meaning. The first express evidence is that of Dionysius of Corinth, writing about A.D. 170, a century after S. Peter's death. Irenæus and Clement of Alexandria (writing about 190 A.D.) are still more explicit; and from their time onwards there is a consensus of opinion quite unbroken until the rise of critical history in very recent times. Dr. Lightfoot takes this testimony, to which in his view some slight support is given by 1 Peter v. 13 (where he interprets ἡ ἐν Βαβυλῶνι συνεκλεκτὴ to mean the Church in Rome) to be practically conclusive; and fixes the probable date of S. Peter's visit between A.D. 63 and 67, the time of S. Paul's first and second captivities at Rome: "S. Peter would then arrive in Rome in the latter part of 63 or the beginning of 64. The Neronian persecutions broke out soon afterwards, and he would be one of the most prominent victims. This accords with the ancient traditions of the different places of sepulture of the two Apostles. Gaius the Roman tells us that whereas Peter was buried in the Vatican, Paul found his resting-place on the Ostian Way. The Vatican gardens were the scene of the hideous festivities in which the victims of the fire suffered, and among these (we may assume) was S. Peter (A.D. 64). On the other hand an isolated victim who was put to death some years later (say A.D. 67), as was presumably S. Paul's case, might meet his death anywhere." (Vol. II., p. 498). Dr. Lightfoot proceeds to examine the First Epistle of Peter, and finds in it confirmation of the theory that it was written from Rome during a season of persecution. He does not deal with the Second Epistle, because it is, one need hardly say, a document whose authenticity has been much questioned.

But while accepting the visit of the Apostle to the capital of the world, Dr. Lightfoot finds no early evidence of value for his having held the office of bishop in the Roman Church and some implications against it. The essay breaks off in the middle of his examination of this question, and we are, unfortunately, left without the arguments by which he was evidently going to support the view that not only the twenty-five years' pontificate of Peter, which remained without a rival for length till the still longer tenure of Pius IX., but even any episcopate of his is destitute of authority. But for the deference due to Dr. Lightfoot's opinion, we should have been disposed, in company with Greenwood and some other learned authorities, to doubt the Apostle's presence at Rome at all; nor will the unanimity of later tradition weigh much with those who know how active tradition was in creating an honest belief where any *a priori* grounds existed for thinking that the fact ought to be so.

The examination of the life of Clement, which fills the first half of the first volume, is not only a model of critical investigation but an interesting historic study, which may be commended to those who have no leisure for the more recondite matter which follows. It contains much matter of great profit for the history of the first days of the Church in Rome, and of the persecutions under Nero and Domitian.

ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS.

FORTY YEARS OF A MOORLAND PARISH. By the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, D.C.L. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

NOT every parish can furnish relics of its history from prehistoric times, and can tell its tale so fully as that of Danby, in Cleveland, of which Dr. Atkinson is vicar, but there are few concerning which a charming book might not be written. If a parish be barren in archæology, it may furnish much in other ways; the habits, the dialect of the people, their folk-lore, their songs, if only sought out, will provide matter of interest; and if the people themselves be unremunerative—which is most unlikely—there remains nature, that never disappoints the seeker. Unhappily, too few country parsons have several interests at each finger end, like Dr. Atkinson, and few are alive to the fact that their parishes are worth research. To this the author refers with a touch of unconscious bitterness in his preface, when he complains that he had "no neighbours, clerical or otherwise, who could offer intellectual sympathy." Clerical neighbours he of course has had—a score, who have gone through public school or university—but the fact remains that they offer no intellectual sympathy to an intellectual man of many interests. What Dr. Atkinson says of his position in Danby is true of almost every man in his profession who has an active mind. The clergy are, as a rule, admirable in their profession, conscientious, and perform their religious duties, but that is all; they are clerical machines, and they have no links that tie them to their people, apart from that which is sacred, and so never get to understand them and to be really liked by them. Their education in school and university serves to sever them from the people, and in no way quickens their interests to search for themselves in any of the directions in which search might be profitably made in the very place where they are planted.

But to turn to Dr. Atkinson's book. It is divided into sections: on the folk-lore, the antiquities, the geology, the manners and customs of Danby. Not the least interesting portion is his Introduction, in which he deals with the holdings of farms, the size of holdings, the housing of the peasantry, and the decay of dialect. What he remarks relative to the close packing of families under one roof in a Yorkshire country village is true of every part of England, and it is also true that to break through this system has been a difficult matter. On one estate in another part of England to Yorkshire, twenty years ago, the writer found two and even three families in a four-roomed cottage. When additional rooms were built to relieve the pressure, the tenants would not expand, but took in lodgers to fill and pack the extra rooms. Only the rather high-handed interference of the landlord prevented this continuing. Now, in every case on the estate a four-roomed cottage is tenanted by a single family, and those who at one time insisted on packing eight and ten in one tiny bedroom—boys, girls, lodgers—together, acknowledge the advantage of expansion.

Dr. Atkinson has done much research with the spade on the Cleveland downs, and has dissipated, let us hope for ever, the myth of the pit-dwellings of the ancient Britons. In various parts of England, —on the Yorkshire wolds, on the Sussex downs, on the Somersetshire hills, on the Devon and Cornish moors, are to be found collections of pits, like pock-marks in the surface of the soil, and these have been concluded to be pit-dwellings of the primeval inhabitants of our island. The late Mr. Karslake made desperate fight to maintain the character of his "British Metropolis of Penselcoit," a vast collection of these pits in Somersetshire. Those on the Yorkshire wolds have been planned and described by Mr. Ord, and the writer of this notice laboured long at those in the West of England, till he tried them with the spade, when their true origin was revealed. These pits were, in fact, rude mining shafts in quest of iron ore in Yorkshire and Somerset, of flints on the Sussex downs, and of tin in Devon and Cornwall. On the Yorkshire wolds the shafts descended to the depth of some thirty or forty feet, and had lateral galleries extending from them following the veins of iron ore. On Dartmoor the pits rarely exceed nine or ten feet in depth, and the galleries from them do not penetrate more than some ten feet into the rock.

Dr. Atkinson gives a very curious account of the marriage ceremonies observed in the dales of the Cleveland district. It is instructive to notice how that the firing of guns accompanies a wedding in many places far apart. In Cleveland "there were from a dozen to a score of men, mostly young, who carried guns, and who, as the wedding passed down the little slope leading to the churchyard gate, fired a salvo. As may be supposed, more than one or two of the horses, being neither sobered by age and hard work, nor yet trained to stand fire, were startled and began to plunge or rear. I fully expected a disaster." The writer of this notice was upset in a carriage in the Pyrenees thirty-five years ago as he drove past a village church door, when a bridal procession issued from the porch—a line of young men, holding their guns—and, just as in Cleveland, fired a volley over the heads of the newly married. The result was that the post-horses in the writer's carriage took fright and upset the conveyance.

In Cleveland—but the same custom prevails in other parts of Yorkshire—at a wedding there is a race of the young men for a ribbon, which is provided by the bride. The ribbon is a substitute for the bride's garter, which formerly was given to the first man, who in a race from the church door to the bride's house, reached it, and came to meet the bridal party with a tankard of warm ale. The scrambling for brides' and bridesmaids' garters was a very ancient usage, the origin of which is not clear. There is, if we remember right, a coarse ballad by Tom D'Urfey that alludes to it. Apparently the lad who secured a garter was entitled to wear it as a favour in his cap, or about his arm, through the year. The institution of the Order of the Garter unquestionably has some reference to this little understood survival of an early custom. Not less interesting than Dr. Atkinson's account of marriage customs is that of burials, and the strange lateness of continuance of the usage of putting money in the mouths of corpses. Such a book as that Dr. Atkinson has given us ought to stimulate country squires, parsons, doctors, any intelligent man whose lot has fallen in the country, to set to work on his own neighbourhood with the assurance that a thorough research there will yield him something of interest; but if it does not furnish him with as much material as Dr. Atkinson has collected at Danby, it will have opened to him the hearts of the peasantry, a too little understood class, and he will find that the living men are in themselves an inexhaustible study, and that in studying them he has made to himself among them very fast friends.

TEN YEARS IN EQUATORIA.

TEN YEARS IN EQUATORIA, AND THE RETURN WITH EMIN PASHA. By Major Gaetano Casati. Two vols. London: Warne & Co. 1891.

MAJOR CASATI'S book is, on the whole, disappointing. It was heralded by the publishers with intrusive circulars covered with sensational illustrations, interspersed with enticing statements as to the wonderful contents of the book. Startling revelations were to be made as to the relations between Emin and Stanley, wonderful accounts given of Major Casati's wanderings for ten years in the country around the great lakes of Central Africa and of the observations he made of the country and the people. Had the book been a combination of Schweinfurth and Stanley, its praises could hardly have been trumpeted more loudly. Now the book is not by any means a bad book; there are many good things in it for those who know how to pick them out. But it is not a book that can by any possibility be boomed, even if it were not a day after the fair and we

were not all sated with the somewhat gruesome literature of the Emin Pasha expedition. The publishers have made a mistake, in the first place, in bringing the book out at the present time, when our interest in the Stanley expedition is exhausted; and secondly, in connecting it so prominently with Emin Pasha. Had Major Casati's book been kept till next autumn, cut down to about half its present size, and put forth as the simple narrative of a simple-minded wanderer in the lake region of Central Africa, it would no doubt have attracted an appreciative circle of readers. As it is, we fear it may not meet with the attention it deserves.

The book is badly put together, and for the English edition at least a competent editor should have been secured. Major Casati is evidently not much accustomed to clearly realising his own observations, and to writing them down in consecutive order. We are told by his friend, Captain Camperio, that Major Casati's papers relating to the first period of his explorations were lost when he was a prisoner in Unyoro, but that he has been able to supply the defect from his excellent memory. The result can hardly be considered quite satisfactory. There is a complete want of consecutiveness in the narrative; the Major jumps from one topic to another like an illiterate story-teller. He will plump down a date at the beginning of a chapter or a paragraph (1881, September 23rd, say); Ah! here we say to ourselves, we are at last to have something precise. But the Major, after a sentence relating to his arrival at some place on the date named, at once goes on to speak of events in 1885 or 1886, mixed up with notes on the chimpanzee and the cannibal habits of the Mombuttu. After some pages of this, we may be told that "next day" he crossed the River Bomokandi. This complete want of method makes a considerable part of his book trying to read. This is a pity, because there are many useful notes on the people and the country lying around the western tributaries of the Nile and the northern feeders of the Congo, although the author is not able to tell us much in addition to what we have learned from Schweinfurth and Junker. Major Casati's observations on the A-Sandeh or Niam-Niam quite confirm those of his predecessors. They are a superior race, much given to cannibalism, of a discriminating kind, however. Like many of the other peoples in this region, they have suffered grievously from the cruelties and oppression of the agents of the Egyptian Government, and it is no wonder that ultimately they were glad to join the Mahdists. Major Casati, who went out to the Egyptian Soudan about 1880, when he was forty years of age, saw a good deal of the Egyptian methods of dealing with the native tribes, and fully supports all we have heard from Junker and others. He was much with Junker as well as Emin, having apparently been officially under the latter. He gives a version of Gordon's death which differs in some respects from that usually told. When the Mahdists succeeded by treachery in entering Khartoum, Gordon, in full regimentals and with all his orders on, came forth from the door of his palace to meet them. They were at first appalled by his dignified bearing; but suddenly a shot was fired which pierced his head, and he fell dead. His head was cut off and stuck on a pole before the Mahdi's tent, his body being thrown into the Nile. Major Casati does not say on what authority he makes this statement, so that we cannot be quite sure of its accuracy.

The Major had a good deal to do with Kabba Rega, or Chua, King of Unyoro, the State lying to the east of Albert Nyanza. At first the King was friendly, but in the end he treated the poor Major in the most savage manner, and, but for a lucky opportunity of escape, Casati would almost certainly have been put to death. He gives very full and curious details concerning the people of Unyoro and their customs, many of them of the usual type of cruelty found in the dark places of the earth. King Chua caused Emin no end of trouble, and it must be said that, according to Major Casati's evidence, Emin was not over-scrupulous in retaliation. We read of Emin's half-savage soldiery burning down villages and shooting down women and children as they attempted to escape.

The Major, though a staunch friend of Emin, does not conceal his weaknesses. The Major himself was often treated with great injustice, and the general impression conveyed is essentially the same as that derived from Mr. Stanley's and Mr. Jephson's narratives. The Relief Expedition was eagerly looked for; the province was seething in mutiny; the Mahdists were with difficulty kept back. That relief was wanted and was expected there can be no doubt. But we can hardly blame Emin and his people for hesitating to commit themselves to a relief expedition the members of which had to be themselves provided with shoes and other elementary articles of clothing. The Major is able to give us a few additional details concerning the interview between Emin and Stanley, but they will not essentially alter the opinion which has been already formed of the two men, and especially of the unnecessarily harsh bearing of the latter to the former.

Most of the illustrations are much indebted to the artist; the maps are clear and useful.

COLERIDGE'S EURIPIDES.

THE PLAYS OF EURIPIDES. Translated into English Prose from the text of Paley, by Edward P. Coleridge, B.A., Oriel College, Oxford. London: George Bell & Sons. 1891.

WE open a new translation of Euripides with a good deal of interest. Like Homer, like Browning, like Victor Hugo, unlike Sophocles and Vergil and Keats, Euripides can bear translation without any really ruinous loss of charm. His greatness does not lie in instinctive beauty of language or in any of those impalpable fragrances which cling about the subtlest poetry of the imagination: it lies in his extraordinary width and activity of intellect and his inspired insight into the strongest and simplest as well as the most refined or morbid development of human passion. He can be translated by the right man, when that man is found. Browning might have translated him, only Browning was too self-assertive, and his style too much out of sympathy with ordinary English, for him to be able to translate anything.

We have read carefully those parts of the volume before us of which we know the Greek by heart. It is an accurate and careful translation, and does no discredit to the writer. Mr. Coleridge seems to appreciate his author, and probably feels excited when he comes to the best scenes. On the other hand, the English is a dead level of dull prose, not crisp, not sparkling, not strong—certainly not poetical. Let us take as a type of the general level of the book the prologue to the Medea:—

V. 1. "Ah, would to Heaven the good ship *Argo* ne'er had sped its course." The word is διαπτάσθαι, "*had never flown*": loss of accuracy, and, therefore, of strength.

V. 9. "Her soul with love for Jason smitten": unnatural order.

V. 10—15. "Nor would she have beguiled the daughters of Pelias to slay their father and come to live here"—ambiguous; it looks as if she had persuaded the daughters to come and live: it really means "Nor would she have come."

"Where her exile found favour with the citizens to whose land she had come, and in all things of her own accord was she at one with Jason, the greatest safeguard this when wife and husband do agree." This is too cumbrous and heavy—"the greatest safeguard" is not enough to express *μεγίστη σωτηρία*: "*do* agree" involves an "otiose" auxiliary.

The next line is: "But now their love is all turned to hate, and tenderest ties are weak." But in Euripides they are more than *weak*: they are under a mortal sickness—*νοσεῖ*. So in v. 21: *βοᾷ μὲν ὅρκους* means "she shrieks aloud the oaths

that he swore": Mr. Coleridge weakens it: "appeals to the oaths."

To take one or two other instances at random from different passages: in Alcestis v. 4, *στέρνοισιν ἐμβαλὼν φλόγα* means "hurling flame into his heart": Mr. Coleridge gives a commonplace paraphrase, "piercing his bosom with a thunderbolt." In v. 14, "finding a substitute for the powers below" is both dull and ambiguous. In v. 19 the idiomatic force of *ἐν χεροῖν*, "in pairs of hands," is missed.

In the same play the fine address of Heracles to his heart before he goes to wrestle with death is very tame in the English, but the pretty lyric (vv. 570-600) about the lynxes and the lions dancing to Apollo's pipe is done with some grace and spirit.

There is said to be a demand for translations of the great Greek dramas and histories. If this is so, it means that there is a real desire for culture among busy people who cannot afford the time to learn Greek. It is a very good thing for the education of the country that translations should be made; but it is absolutely essential that they should be done a great deal better than is usual at present. Morris's Homer, Chapman's Homer, Jowett's Plato and Thucydides, can be read with pleasure. More than half the beauty of the original is lost, but there is the great saving of labour to make compensation. Translations as good as these are worth having, and demand high literary qualities in their producers. But the praiseworthy, dead, wearisome prose version of the second rank—what are gods and men and booksellers about that they give it the right to exist? Mr. Coleridge has two important advantages as a translator: he is almost always accurate, and he has a feeling for poetry. But he must spend much time and pains before he attains that high level of linguistic skill which produces great and living translations.

AN AMERICAN SORCERER.

GYPSY SORCERY. By C. G. Leland. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

IT is to be presumed that the writing and reading of gypsy lore bewitches both the author and his readers, for it is impossible for the one to present his matter clearly and for the other to call back anything but the ghost of what he has read. The clearest portion of the volume is the "Contents." Chapter III. is headed "Gypsy Conjurations and Exorcisms—The Cure of Children—Hungarian Gypsy Spells—A Curious old Italian Secret—The Magic Virtue of Garlic—A Florentine Incantation learned from a Witch—Lilith, the Child Stealer and Queen of the Gypsies"; and Chapter XIV., "A Gypsy Magic Spell—Hokkani Baro—Lellin Dudikabin, or the Great Secret—Children's Rhymes and Incantations—Ten Little Indian Boys and Ten Little Acorn Girls of Marcellus Burdigalensis." But these chapter headings, though giving promise of pretty hard nuts for the curious to crack, do not hint of the *olla podrida* the cracker must willy-nilly swallow. As a snowball binds to it all the snow it touches, so our author's nucleus—"Gypsy Sorcery"—attracts all things supernatural: Voodoo secrets, folk-lore theories, anecdotes of personal adventure, explanations of second sight, verified dreams, the making of the Chinese magical bottles, and scores of curious and delightful subjects, jostle one another in Mr. Leland's handsome pages. We would not have it otherwise; we would have few words altered, though we would have many added, but it is only due to the scientist and the hypercritical to state that the author's method is to make a pile of all the curious things he can collect and then walk round it with an all-embracing theory. What the theory in question is we do not remember. Mr. Leland, in his preface, assures us that there is one, and we believe him; but under the spell of a late reading of "Gypsy Sorcery" we cannot see the wood for the trees. Everything in the volume is planned to illustrate something that is not in it, that at least is clear. The whole effect reminds us of nothing so much as a skilfully worked patchwork quilt. Few writers can boast such a literary rag-bag, and fewer can blend the colours to confound criticism. But to leave Mr. Leland's whole, which does not exist, and to come to his parts, we will quote a few examples of his style.

"A curious book might be written on the efficacy of nakedness in witch-spells. . . . . In 1866, in a Wallachian village in the district of Bihar, to avert the cholera, ix youths and maidens, all quite naked, traced, with a ploughshare, a furrow round their village to form a charmed circle, over which the disease could not pass."

Again:—

"I had met in London with an Indian gypsy named Nano, who informed me that in India he had belonged to a wandering tribe or race who called themselves Rom, or Romani, who spoke Romani jib, and who were the gypsies of the gypsies. I have in my possession a strange Hindu knife with an enormously broad blade, six inches across towards the end, with a long handle richly mounted in bronze, with a little silver. I never could ascertain till I knew Nano what it had been used for. Even the old King of Oude, when he examined it, went wrong, and was uncertain. Not so the gypsy. When he was in my library, and his keen black eyes rested on it, he studied it for a moment, and then said: 'I know well enough that knife; I have seen it before; it is very old, and it was long in use—it was the knife used by the public executioner in Bhotan. It is Bhotani.'"

Again:—

"Sorcery! We are all sorcerers, and live in a wonderland of marvel and beauty if we did but know it. For the seed sprouting from the ground is as strange a truth as though we saw the hosts of heaven sweeping onward in glory, or could commune with fairies, or raise from his grave the master magician of song, who laid a curse on all who should dig his dust. But, like children who go to sleep in the grand opera, and are wild with delight at Punch, we turn aside from the endless miracle of nature to be charmed and bewildered with the petty thaumaturgy of guitars in the dark, cigarettes and rope-tying, because it corresponds to, and is miracle enough for us. And, perhaps, it is as well, for much thought on the Infinite made Jean Paul Richter and Thomas Carlyle half mad, and almost unfit for common life. Seek truth in science, and we shall be well balanced in the little as well as the great."

The finishing sentence of the last quotation defines our author's attitude towards the Gypsy Sorcery he deals with. With a natural love for quaint and mysterious subjects he seeks to retain all that is valuable in chiromancy, fortune-telling, divination, and the magical ologies, by giving it a common-sense explanation, and his attitude might be imitated more widely with advantage by the scientific. Mr. Leland gives for instance a very plausible and highly ingenious explanation of Dreams and the prophetic Dream Power, which we condense for our readers' benefit: "When *will* goes to sleep or rest, a power—which we will call *alter ego*—takes possession of us, and controls the myriad forces of memory. (A lunatic is a man who dreams wide awake, having lost his will or the controlling power resulting from the just co-relation of brain forces. A poet is a man who forms waking dreams, half-consciously blending the dream power with his waking wisdom.) Magic is the production of that which is not measured by the capacity of the conscious working will. The dream spirit, or that which knows all our memories, and which combines, blends, separates, scatters, unites, confuses, intensifies, beautifies, or makes terrible, all the persons, scenes, acts, events, tragedies or comedies known to us, can, if it pleases, by instantaneous reasoning or intuition, perceive what waking common-sense does not. We visit a sick man, and the dream spirit, out of the inexhaustible hoards of memory, aided by association, which results in subtle, occult *reasoning*, perceives that the patient will die in a certain time, and this result is served up in a dramatic dream." Mr. Leland's reasoning, all will grant, is clever and subtle, but the deduction he draws as to the possibility of mastering this dream-power we cannot hold with. "There is a way to it," says our author, "and a power to master the infinite stores of memory and render the dream-power a willing servant, if we take the pains to do it. . . . If all the stores of our memory were distinctly cognised by our waking will when they first came into our possession, we should have the first great element of power beyond all our present dreams of greatness.

. . . Is it not possible to conceive that with waking quickness of perception or voluntary subtlety of thought cultivated in infancy to the highest power, its twin which sports in sleep should not feel its influence and act under it?" To this it may be answered that even if such a process as "cognising our memory" were physically possible, the result, being *built up* consciously, would be a very different thing in essence to the dream-power, which is a *growth*, and springs spontaneously. And, again, Mr. Leland's enthusiasm over the inventions of his countryman, Edison, leads him out of his depth in the following passage:—

"... To him who can rise to the great philosophy now dawning on the world, there is perceptible in it something far more wonderful and poetical, beautiful and even awful, than ever was known to any occultist of old, *for it is scientific and true*. ... How long will it be before sights, events, and tastes will be thus transferred, and the man sitting in London will see all things passing in Asia, or *wherever it pleases him or an agent to turn a mirror on a view?*"

Oh, shades of dead poets who have grappled with the telegraph in your poems, mark the clauses we have italicised, and say whether immortality awaits him who is to deal with that something which is more beautiful, and wonderful, and poetical, and awful than the fables of seers—*videlicet* Mr. Edison's phonograph! Mr. Leland, again, is of opinion that cheap aërial navigation, when it comes (and it is coming quickly), will do great things for us, and "the thousand strange discoveries will, during the ensuing century, burst upon the world, changing it utterly"; from which it will be perceived that no sooner does an American sorcerer quit the region of science and fact than he becomes a poet! Aristotle is not yet out of date, and Bacon's world of predictions is still to be fulfilled; but human nature will escape from its "little petty narrow grooves" in the twentieth century! But we will be generous. Mr. Leland shall have the last word (p. 175):—

"We go on as of old in our little petty narrow grooves, declaring that *this* will be, and *that* will never come to pass, and that this or that kind of hopscotch lines, and tipcat and marble rules, are the eternal laws of humanity, and lo! all the while in his study some man whom you regard as a dreamer or dolt is preparing that which will be felt for ever."

TWO NOVELS.

1. There and Back. By George Macdonald. Three vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1891.
2. Sir George. By Florence Henniker. One vol. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1891.

Sir Wilton Lestrange married Robina Armour, the daughter of a blacksmith. Lady Lestrange died in giving birth to a child; the boy was ugly, web-footed, and had a sort of membrane between the second and third fingers of each hand. His father would see nothing of him, and the boy's aunt, a sister of Lady Lestrange, married to a bookbinder, acted as his nurse. Her name was Jane Tuke, and she was childless; she became passionately devoted to the ugly baby, her nephew. Her relationship to the child was not known in Sir Wilton's house, Mortgrange; it was believed that she was simply his nurse. Sir Wilton Lestrange married a second time, and one of the first acts of the second wife was to dismiss the supposed nurse, Jane Tuke. But Jane Tuke was so devoted to her charge that she fled with him from Mortgrange to her husband's house in London; and there the boy was brought up as her own son, and was called Richard Tuke. He seems to have grown daily less ugly and more clever. He became a bookbinder, and he also during a visit to his grandfather learnt the trade of a blacksmith. Very little attempt was made by Sir Wilton to trace the missing heir. But we feel that the author will take good care of him. The title of the story, "There and Back," has its suggestions. The webbed feet and the membrane between the fingers, however undesirable in themselves, are admirable as an evidence of Richard's identity. Those feet, those hands, are in themselves sufficient. There is a novelist that shapes his ends.

On the whole, fate seems to have been kind to the hero of this story. His adoptive father might have been a butler, a butcher, a grocer. The gentle, cultured art of bookbinding suits well the rightful heir, even as it suited well the aristocratic hero of Mr. Henry James's "Princess Casamassima"; nor does there seem to be anything degrading in the simple, manly work of a blacksmith. He has large and sinewy hands, and the muscles of his brawny arms are like to iron bands, and he has inspired poetry. Just at the right moment, when we feel that the hero must do something to be more romantic, he is lucky enough to be afflicted with pneumonia. The old and evil may have gout, but the young and good confine their diseases to the north side of the diaphragm—in novels.

The book contains, we think, all the characteristics of Dr. Macdonald's previous work. The enthusiasm for true and wide religion, the tendency to the merest melodrama, the poet's choice of the best word and the right phrase, make a curious and by no means unattractive mixture. There are the faults here that one expects in the religious novel; the existence and qualities of the Deity are discussed with a frequency, a prolixity and an irrelevancy which are less common in real life; the ideal clergyman—his name will be familiar to readers of the previous works—is as dialectically successful as could be wished, and as manly, although he is liable to shed his own verses on weak, defenceless women. The views expressed are broad; the spirit is exalted, earnest, noble—the critic takes off his hat to it. But not one word can we, or will we, say in favour of the author's practice of writing sheer, conventional melodrama. And when he leaves the utterly conventional lines and writes such scenes as those which occur between the clergyman and Mrs. Wylder, it is often only to be forced and untrue.

As we have already said, the conventionality which is shown in the incidents and plot of the story is entirely absent from the style. In the choice of word or phrase Dr. Macdonald is often quite remarkably happy. And strong praise must be given to the sketch of the heroine, Barbara; the description of her character is admirable.

It would be a great mistake to judge "Sir George" by its first hundred pages; they have their merits, but do not prepare us for the pathos and strength of the last half of the volume. Indeed, we seem to be seeing too much of people who are too insufferable; yet these people form no bad foil to the three principal characters of the story. The plot is very simple. If two men love one woman, and the woman loves one of the men but is engaged to the other, unhappiness is a certainty for one, a probability for two, and by no means an impossibility for all of the three. In the protasis of that conditional sentence is the groundwork of this story. It is a story in which one gets to know the hero and the heroine better as one reads further; they are not merely conventional types which we can recognise and classify in the first five pages. And as one reads further, little incidents in the first part of the book, which then seemed trifling or wearisome, acquire an artistic value, lend irony to a situation, or justify its occurrence. The conclusion is touching, convincing.

The book is sufficiently well written, and some of the descriptive writing is charming. The pages for which we cared least were those which are devoted to Mrs. Chaloner's Guild of St. Ursula. That kind of thing has been satirised too frequently, and has almost ceased to amuse. Nor do we think that it was necessary to the development of the story. We believe that "Sir George" is a first attempt, and the author was certainly well advised in choosing the one volume rather than the three. It attains much; for it shows that Mrs. Henniker can construct characters which are not altogether the vain repetitions of average fiction, but which can grasp and hold the sympathies of a reader. It promises much. It will compare favourably with the work of many more practised writers.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

LIKE a sensible man, Mr. de Windt dismisses his journey from London to Tiflis in a couple of sentences, and this praiseworthy refusal to burden his pages with a twice-told tale creates a favourable impression in regard to his "Ride to India," which is not dispelled on a closer acquaintance with the book. He gives a lively and picturesque description of his journey across Persia and Baluchistán to Quetta, and from thence to Bombay. His experiences on horseback in Persia are told with a good deal of humour, but it is easy to see that the dangers, to say nothing of the discomforts of the journey, were no laughing matter. Even the main highways of the country are difficult to follow, for in summer their course is sometimes completely concealed by drifting sands, and in winter, by way of pleasing variety, by drifting snow. The majority of the post-horses, moreover, are diminutive and vicious hacks, and they stumble or shy, kick or plunge, with a persistency which seems to denote a determination to shake themselves free of their riders. Perhaps the best chapters in the book are those in which life at Teheran is described. The city is divided into two parts, the old quarter and the new; the former is inhabited only by natives, and the streets are narrow, dark, tortuous, and generally uninviting. The latter, or European quarter, is much more attractive, and the Boulevard des Ambassadeurs in particular is a broad, handsome, shady thoroughfare, in which are situated the legations of England, France, and Germany. Just beyond, lit by the electric light, and approached by an avenue of poplar trees, is the palace of the Shah, with nothing to indicate the presence of the Sovereign but a guard of ragged-looking unkempt Orientals in Russian uniform lounging about the chief gateway. Mr. de Windt declares that the Persian soldier is by no means a credit to his country; he is a slouching awkward fellow in times of peace, and when under fire is not distinguished for valour. The Teheran bazaar is of enormous extent—it usually contains at high change upwards of thirty thousand people—but it lacks the picturesque aspect of those at Cairo or Constantinople. The ride through Baluchistán proved singularly disappointing, for the region through which Mr. de Windt made his way was barren and uninteresting, with no commerce and hardly any towns or villages worthy of the name. The book abounds in vivid descriptions of places and people, and it throws fresh and welcome light on the scenery to be found, and the customs which prevail in a part of the globe about which most English people, even at this time of day, have rather vague notions.

The founder of the first Government Medical School in China was "John Kenneth Mackenzie," a missionary, who died in harness at Tien-Tsin in the spring of 1888 at the early age of thirty-seven, after thirteen years of toil in that city and in Hankow. Mrs. Bryson, the wife of a well-known missionary who was at one time Dr. Mackenzie's colleague, has written a simple but impressive record of a singularly noble and unselfish career. Whilst labouring as a medical missionary at Tien-Tsin Dr. Mackenzie gained the good-will of some of the chief officials of the Empire, and this led to the establishment in that city, under his superintendence, of a medical school, in which Chinese students were taught the most approved European methods of dealing with disease. The book throws considerable light on the social life of the people amongst whom Dr. Mackenzie laboured, but perhaps its chief charm lies in the vivid portraiture which it presents of a man who devoted himself without stint to the physical succour and moral elevation of the teeming masses of a great pagan city.

The view which Mr. Robertson takes of "Count Campello and Catholic Reform in Italy" is that the man is a valiant champion of civil and religious liberty, and that the movement is bringing about in Italy what the Reformation accomplished in England in the sixteenth century. Count Campello, as all who met him on his recent visit to England are aware, is a remarkable man, and in some respects his career resembles that of the late Alessandro Gavazzi. In these pages an attractive picture will be found of his eventful life, both as a priest and dignitary of the Church of Rome, and as the founder of the Italian Catholic Reform Church. He quitted the priesthood in 1881 at the age of fifty, and at a time when he seemed likely to reach the rank of a cardinal. After a vain attempt to win him back, the Pope excommunicated him, and since then he has himself taken a firmer attitude, and the movement itself has gathered strength. He is seeking to realise Cavour's famous saying, "Libera chiesa in libero stato," and the success which has so far attended his work is itself a significant testimony to the fact that the Italians are beginning to distinguish between religion and the Church, between the principles of the Christian faith and the preposterous claims of ecclesiastical authority.

Mr. Redgrave says with truth that when "De Wint and Cox" began to paint, the beauties of English scenery, so far as art is concerned, were to a great extent unknown. In order to win popular approval seventy or eighty years ago landscape painters had to follow "classic" rules; in other words, they had to satisfy conventional ideas. The early water-colour painters went direct to Nature, and, despising the cut-and-dried precepts of the schools, drew their inspirations direct from what they saw with their own eyes. David Cox and Peter de Wint, greatly as they differed in other respects, both possessed to a noteworthy degree this true artistic instinct, and their pictures accordingly are now everywhere recognised as among the permanent art-treasures of the nation. This little book brings out their right to a place in any series devoted to the "Great Artists," and, whilst more biographical than critical, it admirably indicates the characteristics and special significance of each man's work. Lovers of water-colour painting, and all who buy or sell pictures, will find that Mr. Redgrave has dealt satisfactorily with his fascinating theme.

It is not an easy matter to determine what is fact and what is fiction in "Bush Life in Australia and New Zealand." Mr. Dugald Ferguson describes himself on the title-page of his book as an old colonist, and we gather from his rambling narrative that he has a right to do so, since he settled in Australia more than forty years ago. The book gives a matter-of-fact description of bush life, but presently the reader finds himself entangled in a story of no special merit, and from that point onwards it is impossible to recover the thread of autobiography until almost the final page. There may be people who are interested in such a narrative, but we confess that we are not of the number; indeed, the book seems to us commonplace in idea, and rambling in method.

A book on "Cricket" by the greatest living authority on the game is sure to make its own welcome. The name of Dr. W. G. Grace is a household word in every corner of the land, and all the chief recreation grounds in the kingdom have, at one time or another, been the scene of his triumphs with bat and ball. He tells us himself that not a year has passed since 1850 in which he has not in one form or another played the game, and he adds that such a circumstance must be his plea for giving his experiences in book form to the "cricket-reading public." Half the charm of this unconventional record consists in the fact that it is in part autobiographical, for the champion not merely gives us a popular account of the origin and growth of the national pastime, but sketches in genial and modest fashion his own experiences—literally on many fields—in connection with it. Naturally Dr. Grace has much that is valuable concerning both the theory and practice of cricket, and his book abounds not only in wise saws, but in modern instances. Doubtless, to many people the most interesting portion of the record will be "Cricketers I have met"—a genial but, at the same time judicial, estimate of the batting and bowling of a number of more or less famous players. Dr. Grace has, of course, much to say about county cricket, the games played at the Universities, and the matches with the Australian Élevens; and we need scarcely add that scattered through these pleasant pages are many amusing anecdotes gathered during the course of an unique experience. Enthusiasts will be glad to possess the curiosities of batting and bowling, as well as the statistics which are given at the end of the volume. There are a number of portraits and a few other illustrations in the work, and the practical character of the book will be seen at a glance if we quote a snatch from the advice with which the redoubtable "W. G." favours the young bowler:—"Bowl straight, bowl a good length, vary your pace and pitch, try to get some break on the ball, learn something about the nature and condition of the wicket on which you are bowling, and seek for weak spots in the batsman's defence."

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* A RIDE TO INDIA ACROSS PERSIA AND BALUCHISTÁN. By Harry de Windt, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. Royal 8vo.

JOHN KENNETH MACKENZIE—Medical Missionary to China. By Mrs. Bryson, Author of "Child Life in Chinese Homes." Portrait. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Demy 8vo. (6s.)

COUNT CAMPELLO AND CATHOLIC REFORM IN ITALY. By the Rev. Alexander Robertson, of San Remo. Portrait. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

DAVID COX AND PETER DE WINT. By Gilbert R. Redgrave. Illustrated. ("Great Artists.") London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Limited. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

VICISSITUDES OF BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND. By Dugald Ferguson. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Paternoster Square. Demy 8vo.

CRICKET. By W. G. Grace. Illustrated. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith, London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Demy 8vo. (6s.)

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